

PART XX.

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# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS OF PART XX.

### Literature.

	PAGE
Crooked Sticks . . . . .	98
Exhibition of French Artists . . . . .	123
Exhibition of the Royal Academy . . . . .	102
Exhibition of Society of Painters in Water-Colours . . . . .	118
Exhibition of New Society of Painters in Water-Colours . . . . .	125
Gillies' (Miss M.) Eastern Mother . . . . .	97
Hall of the Hollow . . . . .	70
Improvements in Bee-Keeping. By Shirley Hibberd . . . . .	101
Johannot's (Tony) Spirit's Counsel . . . . .	69
Lemud's (A. de) Matthew Lænsberg . . . . .	104
Mr. Twentyman's First Love . . . . .	72
Osborn's (Miss E.) Temptation . . . . .	81
Penliak . . . . .	107
Polyglot Readings in Proverbs. By W. K. Kelly . . . . .	117
Progress of Science . . . . .	126

	PAGE
Schlesinger's (Henri) Masters are out . . . . .	88
Sketches and Studies in Russia. By H. Sutherland Edwards. No. I. Journalism . . . . .	91
Smith's (C.) Evening Effect . . . . .	85
Taylor's (Frederick) Deer-Stalking . . . . .	113
Taylor's (Frederick) Young Heir's Return . . . . .	72
Tempsky's (G. F. von) Journey in Mexico, Guatemala, &c. . . . .	84
Thornycroft's (Mrs.) Flower-Girl . . . . .	124
The Heraldry of Science . . . . .	117
The Night after Culloden. By Walter Thornbury . . . . .	118
The Way to Cure Hatred . . . . .	116
The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold. Collected by his son Blanchard Jerrold . . . . .	65
Weigall's (Charles H.) Italian Peasants . . . . .	120

### Engravings.

	PAGE
Deer-Stalking . . . . .	113
Evening Effect . . . . .	85
Heraldic Seals . . . . .	117
Italian Peasants . . . . .	121
Masters are out . . . . .	89
Matthew Lænsberg . . . . .	105

	PAGE
Temptation . . . . .	81
The Bar-slide Beehive, and Indicator Bee-stand . . . . .	101
The Eastern Mother . . . . .	97
The Flower-Girl . . . . .	125
The Spirit's Counsel . . . . .	69
The Young Heir's Return . . . . .	73

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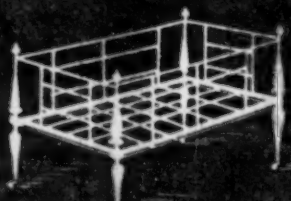
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# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

## THE WIT AND OPINIONS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

COLLECTED BY HIS SON, BLANCHARD JERROLD.

### THE GOSPEL AND THE BAYONET.

LET us pay all honour to fighting men; all needful honour. In our transition state, they are our best guarantees of national freedom. But let us hope that the Gospel has a brighter light than that which gleams from bayonets. Gunpowder is not the *best* frankincense.

### A HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION.

A gentleman waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend had already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat was becoming an institution; and the friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does — want this time?"

"Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold. "Well, put me down for one of the noughts."

### CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is the prettiest thing in the world; it saves people such a deal of trouble. 'Tis an excellent thing—a beautiful invention for the lower orders; and then it's so easy for them to obtain—easy as their own bacon, milk, and eggs. But with high folks, who are constantly troubled with a thousand things, contentment would be as out of place as a gipsy in a court-suit.

### COLD MUTTON.

Cold mutton's like a cold friend, the less to be stomached for having once been hot.

### THE MUSIC OF THE NURSERY.

It is an astonishing truth,—a truth little considered by man, when, as a bridegroom, he stands before the altar, for the moment manipulating the ring-end of the chain ere he fixes it,—that there is no household noise like the noise of a baby when determined to make a ruffian of itself. There was not a macaw in Noah's ark that could not have been silenced by Shem's baby, had the little one resolved to test its screams.

### MANCHESTER MEN.

Two or three provincial gentlemen—I knew them at once to be Manchester men—were grouped together, staring at the giraffes in the Zoological Gardens. "Handsome creatures!" cried the most enthusiastic; "very handsome; beautiful colours, too, arn't they?" "Humph!" observed another, staring at the spots on the skin, "beautiful; but I—I wonder if they're *fast*!"

### JOHN BULL.

Somehow John Bull seems to have so broad a basis, with such a wholesome steadying quantity of lead in him, that he may be likened to a well-known Dutch toy, that, knock it to the right or left, or forwards, is sure fundamentally to right itself, after a little rocking and rolling; coming up and seriously sitting squat, the while it shows the same jolly countenance, the same red and white in its cheeks, and the like laugh at its mouth and twinkle at its eye; in fact, in all its aspect the same erect thing as before the blow that sent it rolling and tumbling.

### MORAL BLACKNESS.

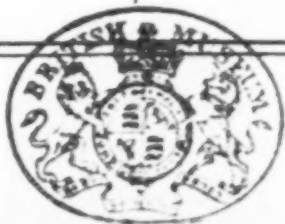
Certain constituencies are to certain boroughs what certain maggots are to certain cheeses—born of corruption; they live and wriggle in it. Bribery is their inheritance; and to be bought and sold, their birth-right. The white slave who sells himself has this distinction from the negro bondsman of Virginia,—he drives his own bargain, and driving it, wears his black with a difference,—being black *inside*.

### DOGMATISM

is puppyism come to its full growth.

### MAN'S DISCONTENT.

From the very discontent and fantasticalness of his nature, man is apt to look backward at what he thinks the lost Paradise of another age. He affects to snuff the odour of its fruits and flowers, and, with a melancholy shaking of the head, sees, or thinks he sees, the flashing of the fiery swords that guard them; and then, in the restlessness of his heart, in the peevishness and discontent of his soul, he says all sorts of bitter things of the generation he has fallen amongst, and from the vanished glory of the past predicts increasing darkness for the future. Happily the prophesying cannot be true; but then there is a sort of comfort in the waywardness of discontent,—at times, a soothing music to the restlessness of the soul in the deep bass of hearty grumbling.





## PROSINESS.

An old gentleman, whom we may call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting Jerrold, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter."

"I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's reply.

## DIAMONDS.

A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar. Only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in its head" for sale, and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead were the gems owned to be of the true water.

## A WIFE AT FORTY.

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

## TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.

We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the evil, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them, whether they have not felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? They have so felt; and so it will ever be. No sooner shall they have driven from them the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger,—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.

## CONFIDENCE.

The first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the songwriter said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" Jerrold. "O, yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Man, as a lover, professes to admire the theory of knowledge in all its matters of filigree. As a husband, he demands the sternness of practice. He who with his affianced will talk of mounting to the stars, when married will expect his wife to descend to the affairs of the kitchen.

## LOVE OF THE SEA.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach.

## BETTER THAN NONE.

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage. How his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment said, "Ah! she evidently thought Barlow better than nun."

## LAUGHTER.

O glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care. What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs,—a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus.

## LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DOGS.

I have often been struck by the inequality of fortune suffered by dogs. Here is one couched upon a pillow, fed with chicken, sweet biscuit, and new milk, caressed and combed, and decked with a silver collar, yea sheltered like a baby from the wind and rain; and here is another, harnessed in a truck, fed with offal, or fed not at all,—beat with the stick of a cruel master, or kicked with his iron heel.

## "THE EYES OF THE WORLD."

LADY MONTPELIER is trembling on the brink of forty. Every day that agreeable truth-teller, her looking-glass, speaks of fading lilies and roses. How can her ladyship meet the Eyes of the World, if not as fair and blushing as when she first came out? LADY MONTPELIER makes to herself a new face from the cosmetics of the perfumer: she "paints inch-thick," but purely out of respect for—the Eyes of the World!

Pretty LYDIA MELROSE! She had a nice little figure; straight as a hazel-twist: but—for the Eyes of the World—Lydia did not think herself slender enough. Hence she was laced and laced, and built about with steel sufficient to forge into a cuirass. She, moreover, eschewed the grossness of meat diet, and lived upon lemons, oranges, almonds, and raisins, and such acid light fare, and all this, that she might appear an inch less in the waist in—the Eyes of the World!

JACK SPLASHLY was left five thousand pounds. In an evil hour he became acquainted with young LORD FUSBALL, who had not as many farthings. JACK played and played, and dressed and dressed, his money running wastefully from his purse like sand from a broken sand-glass. "My dear Jack," said an old acquaintance, "I'm sure you can't afford to ride a horse like that—no, nor to wear diamond studs; nor to—" "My dear fellow," answered Jack, "I quite agree with what you say; but what am I to do? Were I to do otherwise, how the devil should I appear in—the Eyes of the World?"

We have only taken three instances; we might deal in three thousand, illustrative of the foolish sacrifices daily made to the Eyes of the World; which, after all, watchful and intelligent as we deem them, are, nine times out of ten, as insensible of the offerings we make to them as are the stone and wooden idols of the heathen. The truth is, the Eyes of the World have other employment than to look on us and our doings; and even when they do condescend to give a single glance at us, the chances are that they either laugh in ridicule, or leer in contempt. Often when we think we have made them stare again with admiration, they only stare in pity and disgust.



## A PLAY WRITTEN TO ORDER.

On being told that a recently-produced play had been done to order, Jerrold replied: "Ah! and it strikes me it will still be done to a good many orders."

## THE KNOWLEDGE OF PRINCES.

Princes always "evince considerable knowledge." If a prince were made king of M. Leverrier's new planet, just discovered, his majesty would at once "evince considerable knowledge" of all its plains and mountains, and a very intimate acquaintance with some of the principal inhabitants.

## OUR ENGLISH LOVE OF DINNERS.

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

## VOTE-BUYERS.

There would be few thieves, were there not those eager to buy the thieves' plunder. The purchasing receiver is held to be worse than the robber. In like manner, the gentleman-candidate who buys the corruption of the moral felon is guiltier, a far more contemptible object, than the salesman of his own independence. He may be a person of most scrupulous honour, he may have a chosen place in worshipful society; but if he has chaffered with the self-respect of men, tempting, and finally purchasing them, for his own purposes, like cattle, that man is a knave and a traitor to his fellow-men; and there is no amount of rent-roll, no breadth of acres, that can lessen his knavery, that can lighten his treason.

## CATARRH.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favourite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

## THE LAW OF WAR.

The law of war between nations, a law illustrated in every page of history, appears to be this, that wars are few or frequent in proportion to the destructive powers of the arms in use. When the club was the only weapon of attack and defence, there was no peace; every knave had his club, and club-law was universal. When the sword and buckler took its place, war came and went with the season. As soon as the harvest was sown, the Roman went out against his neighbour, or his neighbour advanced against him. Gunpowder was a great peace-maker. If with that invention war became more destructive, it ceased to be the normal condition of mankind. It grew more and more terrible, more and more brief. Nations felt how great the loss must be of a collision, and statesmen began to ask themselves if the possible gain would equal the inevitable loss. No doubt passion, ignorance, personal cupidity, often overleapt the bounds of reason, and plunged all Europe into horrors; but the violence never failed to obtain the reproach of public opinion, the brand of history. And no ruler, however powerful, can dispense with the moral support of public opinion; and hence, however warlike, the most passionate lover of war will hesitate long, and resort to a thousand tricks, as Buonaparte always did, rather than appear to Europe as the open aggressor, the wilful shedder of blood.

## MATRIMONY IN THE CRADLE.

When one reads of the baby girls and boys sent yearly into the world, spangling the earth plentifully as daisies, it is a curious speculation to think how the wife lies in the cradle, thoughtless of the tyrant who is destined to enslave her; and how the despot himself takes his morning pap, his white sheet-of-paper of a mind yet unwritten with the name of her who may have in the far years to sit up for him; sitting and watching with the resolution to tell him what she thinks of him when, at unseasonable hour, he shall return zig-zag home.

## A NATIONAL MOTTO.

"Ask for nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong." This should be the motto of every wise and every powerful state. There is more true strength, more real and enduring power, in the end, in that sentence, than in the destructive roar of broadsides, in the mortal belchings of artillery.

## WATER.

Water, like wine and fire, is an excellent servant, but a bad master. An enthusiast may become quite as noisy, and, in his enthusiasm, as absurd, at a pump as at a wine-cask.

## MARTYRDOM.

No sacrifice so easy as to endure the martyrdom of other people. Skin a martyr alive, and we can imagine a beholder who, with the highest admiration for the heroism of the sufferer, shall take a pinch of snuff, and cry, "Noble fellow!"

## PIGS AND LIONS.

Let us for a moment consider the increased value of pigs as placed against the worth of lions and eagles. Let us consider the superiority of the pig when considered with even a royal lion or an imperial eagle. Put pig in one scale and lion in another, and whilst every morsel of your pig is a morsel of some value, more or less, your lion, with the exception of his tawny hide, may be sunk as so much offal. And then turning to the cost of the keep of a lion. Consider the expense. How much beef will the beast, with that rasp-like tongue of his, strip from bullocks' shins; and what the use of him when gone the way, the royal way, of even regal lions! A carcass—a foul rank carcass,—all his worth and all his beauty just skin-deep. Flay him, and he is good for nothing better than the imperial eagle that, living, lives a life of prey, and dying, is garbage, even as the leonine offal. How different the pig! In his life he is quiet,—we mean of course when civilised, reclaimed from the savage kinship of wild swinishness,—and in his death he is beneficent, beautiful! Consider the qualities of a dead pig; think of him in his great and luscious variety; in his power of hams; in his conservative phase of sides of bacon. His very blood is a fountain of plenty, and meanders into puddings.

In every way, in even every smallest manifestation, from bowels to bristles, what a worth and a blessing to a man is a dead pig—a mere vulgar mire-rejoicing pig—in comparison with the stately, the terrible, the magnanimous lion!



## THE CABMAN'S SIXPENCE.

Give a sixpence to a showman's elephant, and the sagacious animal—its small eye wide awake to money—at once knows the value of the bit of silver, and exchanges it for buns. How much more sensible is the elephant than the cabman! For lay a sixpence in the hands of a cabman, and his look of ignorance is almost affecting. It would seem that the coin was perfectly new to him; that he had no more notion of its value than if it were a shekel struck in Jerusalem.

## A NAME FOR NICHOLAS.

No potentate better knew the value of time, and how its loss to others became a value to him: no ruler ever knew how to make more despatch or delay. Certain kings have come down to us named after their habits, virtues, personal excellences, or defects. We have Philip the Bald, William the Silent, Louis the Fat. Now, Nicholas of Russia, by the political use he makes, now of celerity, and now of procrastination, may, in default of any other title, descend to posterity as the Nick of Time.

## AN OBLIGING OFFER.

(*A Chemist's Shop—Shopman and Old Lady.*)

*Old Lady.* Now, are you sure this is carbonate of soda—not arsenic?

*Shopman.* Quite certain, ma'am,—try it.

## THE CHARM OF PROGRESS.

We would go no step backward, but many in advance, our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men; in the reverence which man has learned, and is still learning, to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and *must* take place in the social fabric, we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance waxing strong among us,—so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick and stone by stone. Meanwhile the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.

## TAMED ANIMALS.

Not many years since, it was loudly declared that the people, as the mass, were not to be trusted in public museums and public gardens. Nevertheless there has been a gathering of thousands in the Zoological Gardens; and up to the present hour, Mr. Mitchell, the secretary, has missed nothing. Not a single lion has been carried off. The elephant and the elephant's little one are where they were. Every hyena, if called, would laugh and answer to the muster-roll, and every leopard purr to the voice of the keeper. No woman decamped with a live bird in her reticule, and no mischievous urchin left the gardens with a rattlesnake in his pocket. Nay, more, with this gathering of upwards of twenty-one thousand, there was not a shrub despoiled, nor a rose-bush broken. Such is the moral teaching of such visits.

## THE GLORY OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.

Great principles are the immortal heirs of great men, as wicked ones are the enduring reproach of the iniquitous. Light continually streams from some graves, as mists arise from others. The glory of a dead Romilly still darts along the path of living men, as the fogs from the grave of the doubter Eldon do still arise, for all we have done to purify and scatter them, and half-suffocate poor wheezing Practice in Chancery.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

## A PATTERN OF BENEVOLENCE

He was so benevolent, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.

## THE VIRTUES OF THE KITCHEN.

In this our harlequin-coloured life, no young lady knows to what far land fate may call her. The first mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the Sultan of both the Turkeys, the Emperor of Morocco, each may be caught by his national dish; and therefore no young woman's education should be thought complete who had not made a Cook's voyage round the globe.

## AN ENEMY TO PROGRESS.

He would, no doubt, have opposed vaccination, as interfering with the marked privileges of the small-pox.

## THE REAL AND THE COUNTERFEIT.

Such is the ardour of men in this incomparable London to acknowledge and reward merit, that even an imitation of talent shall often carry away the price of the true thing: hence it now and then happens to genius as to spoons, the plated article takes the place of the real metal.

## SELF-RESPECT.

That a man should be just and respectful towards all mankind, he must first begin with himself. A man—so to speak—who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

## EXTINCT OLD VIRTUES

are like extinct volcanoes, with a strong memory of brimstone and fire. The sun itself isn't the same sun that illuminated the darling middle ages; but a twinkling end of sun—the sun upon a save-all. And the moon—the moon that shone on Cœur-de-Lion's battle-axe—ha, that was a moon! Now our moon at the brightest, what is it? A dim, dull, counterfeit moon—a pewter shilling.

## TEA.

Tea, with the flowers and scents of the warm East in it, with something hearty and of a downright domestic quality in its vivifying effect! Of the social influence of tea, in truth, upon the masses of the people in this country, it is not very easy to say too much. It has civilised brutish and turbulent homes, saved the drunkard from his doom, and to many a mother, who would else indeed have been most wretched and most forlorn, it has given cheerful peaceful thoughts that have sustained her. Its work among us in England and elsewhere—ay, throughout the civilised world—has been humanising, good. Its effect has been, upon us all, something socially healthful; something that is peaceful, gentle, and hearty. The passionate drinker may sit by his fire, watch his kettle, and, in the stream of steam rolling away from it, see all the fallen idols of the East tumbling about; the long-eared long-nailed goddesses unceremoniously bandied hither and thither; the gaudy temples broken up; the priests disbanded.





THE SPIRIT'S COUNSEL. BY TONY JOHANNOT.

### THE SPIRIT'S COUNSEL.

By TONY JOHANNOT.

ALMOST all the northern nations have a belief in the existence of guardian-spirits,—familiar of the soul who post themselves beside the mental ear, and there whisper adjuration or counsel as contingency may require. The “airy tongues that syllable men’s names” are the voices of such. One class of these spirits, or rather one fancy respecting them, was, that they assumed charge of the child at birth, taking a shadowy resemblance of its shape, growing with its growth, and being ever present to warn, advise, or admonish its human fellow of those events which its keener spiritual senses saw more clearly than did the corporeal and limited powers of the human being. Such a spirit is this in the engraving before us: the winged counsellor has grown with the maiden’s strength, and as she sleeps beside the spinning-wheel now ethereally floats on poised wings, and murmurs softly in her ear the thoughts whose tenor shall take in dreams shape, colour, and consistency.

One of the most poetical of these popular superstitions respecting the existence of familiar spirits, is that which Grose refers to in these words: “Sometimes ghosts appear in consequence of an agreement, made whilst living, with

some particular friend, that he who first died should appear to the survivor.” There is something delightful about this, that one should revisit one’s earthly friends after death, as they revisit us in spirit. The law, which is universally allowed to exist, that these spiritual visitations should bring no news from the immaterial world, would prohibit information respecting the condition of the dead; but to them even the incongruous meeting of the embodied and disembodied beings might render comfort; and to us, the living, certain it is the knowledge of their presence would at any time be cause of pleasure: for we may presume, beyond question, that the spirit of no friend would appear in an appalling form, but rather as some fair inhabitant of the higher worlds,—like the winged one who whispers between the long locks of our sleeping spinster. The old Swedish superstition says, that no spinning must be done on Thursday night, or direful spirits will appear, and unravel all the labour of that time. Neither must there be spinning done between Christmas and New-Year’s Day, or the spinners will see evil spirits. Persons born on a Sunday were reputed to have the faculty of seeing spirits, a gift at times not without its inconveniences, as many stories, fearful or grotesque, testify, for they can never meet a hearse or pass a churchyard at night without some such vision.

L. L.



## HALL OF THE HOLLOW.

## I.

HALL of the Hollow held his land  
By a title good in law,  
And never a lawyer of the band  
Could find therein a flaw.

He dwelt amid as sweet a scene  
As any on English ground;  
And from "The Hollow" might be seen  
Three fair shires round and round;

With two fair rivers winding through  
Broad meads and orchard-ranks,  
Traced by the gayer green that grew  
Along their willowed banks.

No foot of that wide vale was his,  
And yet his heart would swell  
With pride, to think no land like this  
Was worthy love so well.

'Twas English ground he looked upon,  
So dear, but dearer still  
Were those few roods he held his own,  
In a hollow of the hill.

His cot was there, his single field,  
His yearly lambs that fed;  
His orchard, where in the hill-side's shield,  
His apples grew ripe and red.

Of wild-rose and of bramble twined,  
The fence his field that edged,  
With primrose and with violet lined,  
Whence rose the lark new-fledged.

To till his own soil every day,  
All times he found it sweet;  
And sweet it was in the time of May  
To hear his few lambs bleat:

And through his heart a living gush  
Of the summer joy would go,  
The apple to see in its virgin blush,  
The pear in its bridal snow.

## II.

With a request too like command,  
Though gold he offered well,  
The lord who owned the neighbouring land  
Had asked him once to sell.

And Hall with sturdy pride had said,  
"The land shall ne'er be sold;  
I hold it in my father's stead,  
And so my son shall hold."

He had touched his cap with manly grace  
To the manor's lord before;  
But on field, or hill, or holier place,  
He touched it never more.

Whereas, in loyal days of old,  
Had more than one stout sire  
Followed their lord, a leader bold,  
And served him—not for hire.

But then the yeoman and his lord  
Sat down to the same cheer;  
Now strangers stand behind the board,  
And come and go each year.

Then would the yeoman and the knight  
As boyish equals meet;  
Now ne'er the delicate lordling might  
Hall's sons so much as greet.

## III.

'Tis the mother's happiest time and best  
When her babes are round her knee;  
For when the birds outgrow the nest,  
'Tis time that they must flee.

Tall and stout was our hero Hall,  
Slender and tall his dame;  
And the youths and maids were fair and tall  
Of their good blood that came.

One sailed for golden fields afar,  
And his ship ne'er reached the shore;  
One maiden married, and to the war  
Went one out of their four.

The youth had heard of honours won  
In the red war with the Russ;  
Hall grudged his one remaining son,  
And only yielded thus:

When still the youth was for the fight,  
And England's need was most  
Of men to show her vaunted might  
Was more than empty boast,

Up in the yeoman's bosom then  
Burned the old warlike flame;  
That England should lack Englishmen,  
In honour's need, were shame.

He went, and 'mong the brave—no few—  
A place did swiftly gain;  
And of his name his country knew,  
But—in her list of slain.

His mother, from the evil day  
Whose tidings told him dead,  
Went about mourning,—as they say,  
"No more held up her head,"

And soon was down the hill-side borne,  
And in the churchyard laid;  
And Hall was left, a man forlorn,  
With but his youngest maid.

## IV.

No longer was the cottage-door  
In the May noon his seat;  
Sad seemed the hue the blossom wore,  
And sad the lambkin's bleat.

But still as stately was his stride,  
With heart bowed to the dust,  
As when, his brave sons by his side,  
He showed his title just

To the loved birth-soil of his race,  
To which it still beat true:  
Alice, who fills her mother's place,  
Shall fill her brother's too,—



Shall wed one born to honest toil ;  
And he she weds shall swear  
Ne'er to forsake that spot of soil  
For land however fair.

One Sabbath noon, the service o'er,  
The lord and yeoman met ;  
Hall stood his wife's new grave before,  
His rough cheek plainly wet ;

And 'twas the lord who bowed the head,  
And stretched the friendly hand,  
"Between us and our strife," he said,  
"Christ and the dead shall stand.

Your son and mine were in the fight,  
And mine returns to tell  
How, shielding him when wounded slight,  
Your brave young Harry fell.

Hall, I remember once you said,  
What now I understand,  
That I could never fill your stead  
While men are more than land."

## v.

There sits by Hall's hearth frequent now  
A soldier young and pale,  
Of noble mien and gentle brow,  
Who tells an oft-told tale,

Of siege and battle, tent and field,  
Where last, one bloody day,  
Hall's stalwart son was nigh to shield  
His leader in the fray.

His leader! he, that slender youth,  
From whom in battle-hour  
Soldier might turn his steel in ruth,  
Or as scarce worth its power,

But that where his clear summons rang  
Through smoke and iron hail,  
And where his slight form fearless sprang,  
Men followed without fail.

And Alice, eager listener too,  
Sits, and with swimming eyes,  
And quivering lip, and changing hue,  
Her task to follow tries.

In vain,—she hangs upon his breath,  
She hears the bugles blow,  
She sees the scene of glorious death,—  
The blinding tears will flow.

Ah, Alice, Alice, far too sweet  
Is thy unconscious grace!  
He comes more often than is meet  
To gaze upon thy face!

He vests her with his poet-dreams  
In more than queenly state,  
Until the simple maiden seems  
Too lofty for his mate.

Those tears that glow, that flashing light,  
Were for his tale, not him.  
Beneath the orchard-blossoms white,  
All through the twilight dim,

Her tears through happy smiles will gleam,  
Her cheek will brighter glow,  
And tenderer light her eyes will beam  
Than he can ever know.

## vi.

Hall rises from his garden-seat,  
Beneath his orchard's pride,  
Once more his youthful guest to greet,  
And place him by his side.

The old man's look is almost fond,—  
He loves that tale to hear ;  
Alice is in the field beyond,—  
This is not for her ear.

The old man's hand is on his arm,  
The soldier's head is bowed,  
The sun is shining on him warm,  
But all his life doth cloud.

"My Alice is a promised bride ;  
But if it were not so,"  
Saith Hall, with all his ancient pride,  
"Still, I had bid thee go.

Rather I'd see the hill I love  
Laid level in my sight,  
Than, raised her father's state above,  
My Alice wed a knight."

Proud were the land if each would grow  
More lofty in his state ;  
For stand he high, or stand he low,  
A man may still be great.

"God bless thee, lad!—my gallant boy  
Gave not his life for nought ;  
And some fair lady give thee joy  
Of true heart truly sought."

The youthful soldier's step was quick  
Down the hill-side that day ;  
He stooped not, as he went, to pick  
The flowerets on his way.

Nor long his presence blessed his home,  
And eased his mother's heart ;  
"A soldier's duty bade him roam,"  
He said, and would depart.

The day he sailed for India, Hall  
His Alice gave away,  
And ere long in the Hollow shall  
He see her children play.

While lies her noble lover's grave  
On Indian field afar ;  
He was among the foremost brave  
Struck down in that wild war.



## THE YOUNG HEIR'S RETURN.

By F. TAYLER.

By dawning of day he had set out for a gallop miles over the country. Along the dusty high road for awhile he went, meeting no one, and the dead fall of his horse's hoofs sounded muffled upon the dust, unslaked as it was by the dew of the evening before: over these miles he rode, till the bright colour of his riding-cloak was shrouded in one gray film of dust, and the dogs that ran beside his horse lolled out their white tongues, and panted with heat and fatigue. After a time he turned into the by-lanes, making a cut across the country. Here every thing was as firm and moist as before it had been soft, dusty, and dry; for the mighty elms that hung over the path had shrouded the land from the sun, and for years the gigantic beeches had shed their autumn mantles of red leaves, strewing the path inches deep; so that he rode on in a silence even more profound than that of the high-road before the dawn. Anon he left the tract, which, for a mile or two, had been growing more and more uncertain and narrow, striking into the woods, which, as the land became more barren, exposed to the north wind, and bleak, changed its covering of trees from beeches to pines; and his horse's feet trode crackling upon the fall of last year's verdure, crushing the dropped fir-cones, and every now and then slipping upon damp ground, where the moisture gathered in the spongy earth. Every thing was moist and hot and close; the air heavy, and burdened with a resinous aroma; myriads of gnats sang round him, and were seen dancing their mystic, never-ended, never-varying dances in each gleam of sunlight that pierced the solemn dark-green roof of foliage, and falling on the red earth lit it like fire.

Soon he had surmounted the high lands, and descended the other side of the hills into a rich and open country, where the maples and sycamores grew in the moist soil, and the hum of great water-wheels was heard ever and anon. The dogs well knew the way; for gathering spirit after they had flagged sadly in the close pine-wood, they plunged hastily down the greenest of green lanes, on one side of which ran a stream, bright and pure. Thither he followed, and soon leapt from his horse at the door of the mill which this stream worked. Some one comes to him, the sight of whom would reward a longer journey than his. That some one was a beautiful girl, whose beauty, good reader, we shall not attempt to describe; but content ourselves with saying that the love, her eyes indicated for this traveller bore testimony to her joy at the meeting.

How the hours sped! It was long past noon before the restlessness of the dogs warned him to return. He lingered, and lingered, till the shadows from the trees were almost the length of the trees themselves; then he arose at last, the horse was brought round, the dogs capered before, and he, with a long and gay farewell, began to retrace the path.

All the heat of the summer's day lay about the land, oppressive and dead; nevertheless something within cheered him, bore him lightly over the hill, and into the wood of pines. Once alone there in the silence, he gave way to exuberant pleasure, singing, chanting, shouting to himself, as a man does when his heart is full of joy. Joyful he was, because that little maiden—shy, demure, little maiden—had answered "Yes" to a question of his; and moreover named a day, which he never dreamed of writing on his tablets, so sure he was of remembrance. What was the question he asked, or why she named a day, we shall for ever conceal. Suffice it that he came home at speed, crashed amongst the stealthy-looking vines, brushed the low branches of the elms, his horse's hoofs casting the dead beech-leaves behind him with each lunge of the gallop his master kept him at; they came across the sward of the park, slippery with dryness; and at last the rider alighted again at the postern from whence he had departed at dawn of day, the shadows of the buildings stretching so long that night must soon be there.

L. L.

## MR. TWENTYMAN'S FIRST LOVE.

## I.

SEATED in the mess-room of the 1st Voltigeurs, with chairs drawn in close to the fire—

But before going one step further, it would be only fair to say a word concerning the *status quo ante*, as the men of diplomacy have it, and lay out roughly a plan of the country, by way of helping the reader to some knowledge of where he is. My name, as may have been gathered already, is Twentymán, of the Dorsetshire Twentymans, or rather Twentymen (came over with the Normans of course); and on the hills of that county my father fed his flocks. The amount of stock such denomination will cover was, I fear, but scanty, considering that my father cured souls (spiritually) for ninety pounds a-year. Considering, too, that he was a quiet bookridden man, who (and without disrespect be it spoken), it was currently supposed, just knew a sheep from a cow, and was not safe beyond such elementary knowledge. But though thus ill provided with worldly goods, he was still rich in those other gifts which nature lavishes so generously on ill-paid curates. My mother, excellent woman, did her duty by him nobly, and purveyed hostages to the State with unfailing regularity; and each recurring year bringing round longed-for pay-day, brought also with it one of those dear pledges that so help to sweeten our thorny path through life. Could the taxes and other fiscal burdens have been discharged in kind, just as the noble Roman matron in a season of great distress offered her offspring to the commonwealth, my father could have benefited his country and himself to an unprecedented degree. Which shower of blessings he took with wonderful cheerfulness, until one morning he was observed, as it were, to awake from a dream, being roused by the faint cries of the new-born Thirteenth. It was the last ounce breaking the camel's back; and it then occurred to him with a strange force, that here were so many little mouths to be fed, so many little backs to be clothed, so many little feet to be shod, all which little configurations were susceptible of a steady extension. It was, alack, far otherwise with that ninety pounds a-year, on which the Reverend Mr. Twentymán was passing rich; and it was pretty plain that, unless something were done, the Union or the Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors were the bourns towards which my father was journeying.

Under these circumstances he put his shoulder to the wheel at once, and at the very first heave relieved himself of one hungry mouth. No sooner had Lieutenant-General Sir George Mortars, K.C.B. (it was my mother that had brought the Mortars to the family),—no sooner had that ancient officer heard of the peculiar position of things, than he offered to place one mouth at least in a certain military academy, where it would be filled at the State's charges, a few years' apprenticeship entitling the mouth to serve his Majesty without incurring the cost of a commission. Mine was the mouth selected. The apprenticeship was duly served; and at the proper time I was presented with the commission, and appointed to the 1st or King's Own Voltigeurs. Two more of my brethren





THE YOUNG HEIR'S RETURN. BY F. TAYLER.



16 JU 58



were taken into free-schools, on foundations, to be trained for the church; one ran away, and was never heard of afterwards, except under disreputable circumstances; two more a merciful Providence was pleased to remove when still in the cradle; and the balance remaining was now reduced to more manageable proportions.

The King's Own Voltigeurs were at that time quartered in a town which may be conveniently called Allchester, and I had been in that city some seven or eight months. Seated, then, at that mess-room fire in the Royal Barracks, arrayed in the species of jacket known as shell, each about halfway through his cigar, were two individuals. Individual to the right, with his feet upon the chair, being Captain Buswell,—Joe Buswell that is,—of the 1st Voltigeurs. Very hairy was Captain Buswell, having great black furze-bushes growing wild over his face. Individual to the left had but a faint suspicion, as the French say, of such a growth, having a sickly saffron produce upon his lip—plainly a forced hothouse plant. But it came to singular strength and fertility hereafter; and this statement is only due to the party himself, who is no other than the historian of these simple experiences. This was their *signalement*, as the passports have it.

Said Buswell to me, after talking continuously for the last two hours, "Now I have emptied my wallet for you; told you every thing I have seen, done, or heard while away. What have you to tell me now? How have the Allchestrians been getting on?"

"O, the old round," I answer. "The balls, the drums, and the routs, as before; and the dowagers as before. You know it is pretty much the same thing here all the year round."

"But how have *you* been doing?" said my friend. "Got to know people, eh? been dined and routed and made much of generally?"

"O, pretty well; not at all, that is, I mean," I said, stooping over the cigar-box, and selecting a cigar with unusual care and nicety.

"How is it with the heart?" said Buswell, who was then studying the fire; "with you youngsters it is a bundle of tinder."

I was so long choosing that cigar, finding it so hard to suit myself on this occasion, that he turned round, and was watching me.

"Look me in the face," said he, with a terrible voice. "Poor moth, I see how it is! They have been taking advantage of his youth and inexperience. And who has done this? the Marjorams? Warbecks? Calvins? Runters? Speak out; don't have that hang-dog look."

I was tolerably brazen now, as he had not hit on the right name. "Stuff!" I said, "I know nothing of such people. Old Cranker keeps us too close to think of such things;" and I puffed vigorously at the cigar I had selected with so much pains.

But Captain Buswell shook his head. "Won't do, won't do, my good fellow."

Here entered tumultuously a crowd of our fellows, under cover of which I stole away to my room, to put on my cap and large military cloak.

"Do come," they had said, "just any evening you have nothing better to do, or get tired of the mess. No inducement beyond our own family circle." This

had been said to me over and over again by the Daffodils. It was their name that Buswell had *not* mentioned; and, curious enough, it was in relation to the Daffodils that I had gone to put on the cap and military cloak. Some way, I always felt that I had a home at the Daffodils', and that I was getting away from the din of arms to a sort of peaceful bower in the drawing-room of that house in Eblana Square. But the shell-jacket! It should stay on me; it would have more the look of being roused from the camp and tented field; and she—Louisa—had often said it looked so short and picturesque. As I journeyed on toward Eblana Square, it occurred to me how much more rational, nay intellectual, was this way of spending an evening, exchanging the coarse joys of the mess-table for the calm quiet of woman's society and unrestrained conversation. It was with something of pride too that I thought how I, a simple ensign, had made for myself a species of home, where I was valued for *myself* alone, and where my observations on men and things in general were listened to with respect and admiration. I was surprised myself at times by the force that lay in some of my remarks; a sort of nervous breadth, as Mr. Daffodil said happily, which the swine who sat about me at mess would have been as incapable of appreciating as—no matter. They had no souls, those fellows. "I have it in me," I cried out loud in the cab, thinking of the words of the late Mr. Sheridan,—"*I have it in me, and by (something very profane) it shall come out.*" At this juncture the vehicle was brought up suddenly by the pavement, and I was jolted painfully out of my reflections. We were at the door of the house in Eblana Square.

It is right to state, that I was kept for a considerable period at the door; it is right also to state, that lights might have been observed flashing to and fro in the upper windows of the premises, and that something like the shadow of a human figure might have been observed upon the window-blind, as though the human figure were striving to peep furtively round the edge of the blind: but when I was admitted, and shown upstairs into the drawing-room, I saw at once that I had completely taken them by surprise, and that they had not so much as heard the knock. Mrs. Daffodil was hard at work at the Berlin wools; Louisa—sweet girl—was still at that florid petticoat-edge, which, by the time it came to be finished, must have honeycombed her dear fingers sadly; the middle-aged lady, of austere presence,—relation on the mother's side, and having money to leave,—was there as usual, and doing nothing as usual; the three little sisters, with their little silk bows, were drawn up on the sofa with an orderliness surprising in children of their years; and a youth, over whose head scarce eighteen summers had passed, was reading to his mother and sisters in low and melodious accents. It was a pretty scene, and breathed home in every lineament. As I entered in the shell-jacket, there was a start of surprise, and I may say, of pleasure. I could see it was jubilee for them all. Mrs. Daffodil came to meet me beaming. It was so good of me to come in this way; no inducement—their dull family circle. But Louisa, I saw her eyes wandering to the shell-jacket, and I was rewarded. The middle-aged lady handed a cold claw, which I shook in respectful si-



lence, and then subsided gently into a chair, placed for me by the youth. How 'koind' it was of me to come in this sort of way! Mrs. Daffodil again remarked; leaving, too, such inducements behind me.

"Quite the contrary," I answered with extraordinary earnestness. "I assure you I esteem it a very high privilege to be allowed to join a happy family circle like this; I do indeed!" and I looked round to the right to Louisa. Poor child, she was "fastening off" at the moment, and I could see her fingers trembling among the threads. She was thinking of the shell-jacket. "You will be glad to hear," I said, disposing one leg over the other, "that my friend Buswell has returned." Why on earth they should be glad occurs to me just now, as not one of them knew the man. But I was always talking of Buswell; and so they were very glad indeed. For was he not my friend? "He has been in Ireland," I continued, seeing that the subject interested, "on a visit to his mother's relations."

"To his mother's relations," said Mrs. Daffodil; "how curious!" and the various members of the family looked at one another.

"Yes," I went on, "Buswell goes into the gay world, loves amusement to distraction, rages after balls and parties: I can't understand it. Give me a quiet fireside and the holy influences of home, and my cottage near Rochelle," alluding to a favourite song of Louisa's. I was rewarded with a glance; the eyelids were lifted gently and fell again upon the petticoat-edge. The youth of eighteen looked triumphantly at Mrs. Daffodil, who looked again at the austere lady who had money to leave.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Daffodil, "it is most creditable for a young person in the army—who might go any where, any where—to have such nice sensible tastes. I assure you, Major Twentyman,—I must tell you this" (poor woman, she was all heart, and forgot for the moment that I was but a simple ensign),—"I assure you, it is only what we all think; and Aunt Manx, who has seen a good deal of the world, thinks so too. Don't you, aunt?" Here she smiled with encouragement on that relative.

From that awful lady, thus appealed to, came tones of the reverberatory character consequent on speaking from the depths of a large metal boiler or capacious vat.

"A sensible young man, my dears," she said, stiffening herself; "none more sensible. But it will stand to him; just like poor Willy Manx, I may have told you of, my dears. The captain will understand, my dears, that he was none of my rearing, being the late Mr. Manx's own son by his first wife; and so—"

I suppose I must have been looking wearily at this commencement; for Mrs. Daffodil was bending forward, even at peril of that testamentary disposition, to stay the impending yarn; when suddenly to us entered Mr. Daffodil, with both hands out, and that hearty paternal manner which I remarked he always had for me and people of my age.

"Don't stir, don't stir," he said, laying his hands on my shoulders, and keeping me down. "Go on with what you were talking of, and never mind me. I am very glad to see you in this way, Twentyman,—very glad."

Some way, when Mr. Daffodil addressed me, I never could get rid of the idea that he was breaking to me the news of a near relative's demise. So, having now, as it were, done his sad errand, he drew his chair in softly, and looked abstractedly at the ceiling.

"Papa," said Louisa gently, "was not this the night that Mr. Twentyman promised to sing? He said he would bring his music the next time he came,—indeed he did."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Daffodil, coming down from the ceiling; "I have a distinct perception of such a promise-being made,—quite so. We all know," he added, looking round and breaking melancholy tidings to the circle in general, "what a surprising memory Louisa has."

"I heard the young man say it—with my ears," came from the metal boiler, as though some one had struck its sides suddenly with a hammer.

"Ah, Aunt Manx heard you!" said the whole family in a burst, looking on that lady with great pride and affection. The good woman, I could see, was pleased with herself as having put in her stroke with effect.

"You see my aunt recollects it too," said Mr. Daffodil, rubbing his hands softly; "so where is the song, where is the song?"

I to sing! I had no voice; so I had been told over and over again by my family at home, by our fellows at the barracks, who had once forced me to sing, and silenced me with execrations. When one of my little brethren was on its road into this weary world, I once went nigh to peril two dear lives by chanting indiscreetly on the stairs. Still, such is the weakness of our nature, that a copy of Mr. Russell's well-known ballad about the gentleman who was afloat was actually then lying in my cloak-pocket down-stairs.

"I assure you," I said hesitatingly, "I don't sing. I have no organ; I—never learned."

"The more reason for beginning at once. I can see at this moment, from the peculiar conformation of the throat,—a sort of wavy line, as it were,—that you—er—sing well."

"Louisa dearest," said Mrs. Daffodil, "you shall teach Mr. Twentyman."

The dear girl hung down her head blushing; and I fear that night must have done mischief irretrievable to the embroidered edge.

"Let him sing when he's bid," again broke hoarsely from the boiler, making me start nervously, just as I was bending over to say to Louisa how proud indeed I should be were she to become my schoolmistress. I looked up with displeasure, I suspect; for I saw a cloud over the faces of the family. The good lady had presumed on her former success, and had gone too far; so Mr. Daffodil put her aside mentally with a wave of his hand, and she spoke no more that night.

But the observation concerning the schoolmistress was not to be lost by the stupid interruption of Mrs. Manx. So Mrs. Daffodil spoke to her husband of the weather, and of what news had come in per evening telegraph, and of the club, and of the Smiths, thus good-naturedly giving me an opportunity for my remark,—to say nothing of other remarks: this was the result:

"Mamma," says Louisa, in that low soft voice of



hers, which some way always reminded me of silver bells,—“mamma, Mr. Twentymen says he *thinks* he will sing just one song.”

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Daffodil, looking round with gratification, “I suppose I might have asked from this until next week. But no matter—no matter; I won’t be offended. What shall it be?”

“I brought,” I said, “a new song called ‘I’m afloat,’ which you may not have heard.”

“O dear, yes,” said the youth of eighteen, speaking now for the first time; “they have it upon all the organs.”

I took no notice of him whatever; but chancing to turn my head, surprised Mr. Daffodil’s naturally serene features contorted into a horrible expression of rage and menace. Mrs. Daffodil’s face, too, had relaxed into an unnatural smile, as though she had been looking hostilely at the youth. No wonder. I pitied parents having to do with such a cub.

“The song, the song! out, out before the curtain!” said Mr. Daffodil, imitating the theatrical manner when impatient for a favourite.

“But the music?” I said, giving way.

“O, slyboots, slyboots, this is very bad! What do you think, Louisa? When I was coming out of the parlour I saw a little roll of music just sticking out of the pocket of somebody’s cloak, and being an inquisitive meddling sort of old fellow, I took it out, and brought it up. O, very sly, very sly!”

Here Mr. Daffodil poked me in a friendly way, and Louisa smiled at me, and Mrs. Daffodil shook her head at me pleasantly, and altogether they seemed to take such pleasure in the joke, that I burst into a fit of laughter myself. Then they fell off into fits of convulsive laughter, until Mr. Daffodil got red in the face, and bade me not be so funny, or I should be the death of him some day. Indeed, he had often said there was a vein of quiet humour in me that came more home to him than the jokes of those professionally witty men you meet at the clubs. Whether this was so, or only his friendly way of putting it, I cannot say; but it certainly did strike me that among the Daffodils I was more myself, could speak with greater freedom, and said more things that visibly told, than any where else. As for the rough coarse-minded fellows of the mess, you might as well think of writing in the water as wasting any thing like fine wit upon them,—pearls to swine indeed.

I was brought to the piano after a little resistance, Mr. Daffodil propelling me gently by the two arms. To say the truth, I was a little nervous, having never attempted drawing-room vocalisation before; and when Louisa commenced the *preludio* of the inspiring strain, it was with very feeble and crude tones that I began to proclaim that I was afloat, I was afloat! So far from that being a true statement, I was at that moment altogether aground and stranded, having broken down at about the fourth bar.

Never shall I forget their good-nature to me under this trial. I was doing capitally, Mr. Daffodil said. Why, what did I mean? Did I mean to tell him that I had not learned, and had sung often and often? It was unhandsome, Twentymen, very unhandsome not to have told them this before.

“O, mamma,” says Louisa, putting her hands de-

spondingly together, “if we had only had Mr. Twentymen at that little musical party we gave last year, when the Parables came to us!”

“Parables!” said Mrs. Daffodil scornfully; “he has a voice worth six of Mr. Parable’s.”

“He shall come out at your next party, my dear,” said Mr. Daffodil. “He shall go into training at once,—that is, I mean,” added he, correcting himself, “I do not see that any training is wanted. He might at this instant go upon the boards—upon boards!”

“Suppose we try it again,” said Louisa in her own gentle way; and amid a tempest of applause, I started again. This time I broke out with wonderful courage, leading it off boisterously; but, from some cause or other, broke down a second time at the same place.

“Louisa does not do it right,” said Mr. Daffodil in a low mournful voice; “she has not got the time.”

“I thought there was something wrong in the accompaniment,” said Mrs. Daffodil, getting up and going over to the poor girl. “Do pay attention, Louisa.”

“Let her try it by herself,” said Mr. Daffodil, a cloud gathering on his face.

I saw the sweet girl’s eyes fill with tears, but she said not a word. I was indignant, and at once took her part. She was right, I said, I was wrong; though in my heart of hearts I believe she was a little bit astray as to the time. Indeed she was right, I said again and again with vehemence.

Louisa looked up at me with such a look of gratitude. Mr. Daffodil saw it, and his little vexation passed away. “Come,” he said, “you must take the blame of it between you, then. Louisa ought to be glad she has such a warm advocate. Once more, then!”

This time it was a great success. I felt that within me which carried me over all difficulties. I was on “the fierce roving tide” *now*, and with a purpose. I could see them all with difficulty constraining themselves from bursting into a torrent of enthusiasm. I could even hear from afar off inarticulate sounds coming hollowly from the metal boiler. I could see,—in short, when at the close of all, I broke out into a wild cry, like the war-shout of a South-Sea Islander, proclaiming hoarsely that I was afloat, and that I was free, there burst from the assembled multitude such a storm of applause, that I was almost overpowered. Needless to say, that that Lullaby was encored,—repeated with even greater fire; re-demanded with terrible instance and *furor*. It was a night to look back to fondly, to think over at dead waking hours; for I saw kindness, hope, trust, love, beaming in every face, looking out at me from every eye. When we were all sitting cosily at a small round table covered with a light supper, which had been brought in noiselessly while the singing was going on, it was agreed that an extensive musical party should be given with all convenient speed, for the purpose of introducing a new singer and a new song. Meanwhile I was to come up, at such hours of the day or night as seemed good to me—not that training was at all necessary, but to insure that steadiness and absence of nervousness which the presence of a crowd is likely to entail. Cards to go out with as little delay as possible; the word to be passed privily and mysteriously of some new and startling feature in the evening’s programme. Men’s



minds being filled with anxious expectation, as under influence of the shadow of coming events, people would stop each other in the public highways, and ask, what was this that was waited for, for that their souls were unquiet.

All which matters were agreed on over that cold roast fowl, beautifully browned; over that golden-tinted jelly, over the fine old wines from Mr. Daffodil's cellar.

"Twentyman, my dear boy," said he, as he wrung my hand at the hall-door, "remember that you have a home here, come weal or come woe. Good-by, good-by, GOOD-BY!"

As I laid me down to rest that night, the well-known burden floated through my brain, "I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the rover is free!" Was I free? Alack, no, no!

## II.

On waking next morning, when the bugles sounded *réveil*, as some one says so prettily, the very first thoughts that crowded on my aching brain (troubled then with memorials of things lying heavy on my soul), were concerning the delicious scenes of the past evening; a soft cloud, as it were, opening slowly and disclosing in the centre a bright figure of an angel—the angel was Louisa,—with half-lengths of other angels hovering behind,—a paternal half-length especially, with wings and arms extended, as in the act of benediction. Why did I find myself dwelling so constantly on this enchanting vision? Simply because in that fairy circle I became as another man; I was clarified and refined, and filled with higher thoughts and brighter images; because there I was loved and valued for myself, and for myself alone; and that while reclining (figuratively that is) all day long at the feet of Louisa, I was insensibly purifying and exalting all within my sphere. It was a holy thought that, and one from which I drew inexpressible comfort. Perhaps it might be my destiny, after all, to go about in this fashion, working a silent and not unprofitable mission; doing thus a little good at a very small expense. With every change of quarters might come other Daffodils, in whose bosoms I might successively find a home. Loved for myself, and loving others in this pure spiritual way, I might thus journey on through the world, and say at the end, after all, I have lived and wrought some little good.

It was about four o'clock of that same day, when, filled with these pleasing images, I stood on the threshold of the house in Eblana Square. "At home, Abrahams?" I say with the easy familiarity of one who knew his ground.

"Miss Loo is at home," says the man, with a strange gesture,—something I believe like the spectrum of a wink. What could the fellow mean? But he knew me, and I knew him. He too had come within the circle of my missionary work. There was the whole. There was nobody in the drawing-room but Mrs. Manx.

I was embarrassed at the prospect of an interview with that excellent woman, and I must say that I discovered extraordinary trouble in her features. It required support, did the metal boiler, and could not stand of itself. It usually leant on one or more mem-

bers of the family, and then did tolerably. She knew not what to say.

At length came a hollow reverberation: "You come often, very often, very often, often."

I started. "Mr. Daffodil is kind enough to ask me to come up whenever it suits me."

Hollow laughter here in the boiler. "O very good, very good. I know what you have come for" (this pointed most significantly).

I did not like this strange woman, and moved uneasily in my chair. "What do you mean, ma'am?" I said.

"O, I know nothing—see nothing—of course, of course; I understand though. Not come to see your sweetheart; O no, no, no—o—o—o—;" rest lost in hollow reverberation.

I was aghast, and turned very red, I suspect. This horrible woman's coarse way of putting things! I was looking round for my hat, meditating instant departure, utterly disgusted, when the door opened softly, and a snowy angel entered. In an instant my angry emotions were stilled, and the troubled waters at rest. The angel was Louisa.

Papa and mamma, she said, in those accents I loved so dearly, were gone out a-shopping. They did not think—that is, if they had known I would come—

"Go on; don't mind me, my dears," came hollowly from the boiler. The horrid woman here twisted her eyes in a strange way. "Just go on as if I was out of the room. I am an old woman, my dears."

The blood flowed into the cheeks of Louisa at this indelicate speech. I was indignant myself, and darted a look—such a look!—of indignation at the wretched woman. "Don't mind her," whispered the dear child, "she is one of our little trials." That was it; she had turned it prettily, as she always did. One of our little trials,—mine and hers. And so I let the cloud pass away.

"Dearest Miss Daffodil," I said, "suppose we try through that song once more."

And we both passed into the next room, and whiled away an hour or more in setting the rover free and afloat. Many hints did the dear girl suggest in her own gentle way; how I was to be tender here and ferocious there, and wind up all with that savage burst of triumph, which may be taken to prefigure the rover waving his flag frantically on his quarter-deck. It was a beautiful reading that, Louisa said—"reading" was her word.

Enter hurriedly Mr. Daffodil. "Mr. Twentyman here all this time! What a providence! Just going on to the club, when suddenly something whispered me to go home; an irresistible impulse led me here. Take a chop with us to-day. Mrs. Daffodil has asked somebody. Who is it, Loo dearest?"

"Mamma said she would ask Mr. Parable and his sister," said Louisa, hanging down her head.

Mr. Daffodil's brows contracted: my own lip curled. Was this the Mr. Parable spoken of last night? The man who sang? Ha!

"Mamma would do it, pa dearest," Louisa said.

"A most indiscreet act," said her father, shaking his head. "Can't be helped now though. You'll come and eat our chop—chops and tomato sauce, like Mr. Pickwick. Ha, ha!"



I was about turning away and refusing, but a look at Louisa's wistful face made me relent. I should not be deterred from my noble missionary work by trifles; therefore I signified I would partake of the chops and tomato sauce.

Punctually at seven that evening I was again in Mr. Daffodil's drawing-room. There was a young man there before me, whom I knew by a sort of terrible instinct to be Parable, and from that moment I accepted him for my enemy. It was with a sort of savage joy that I suffered Mr. Daffodil to introduce him to me, bowing to him with hate and defiance. He must have read as much in my eyes; and I fancy we understood one another. He might have been taken for a young man of modest demeanour. Very likely he was; but for me he was a rival, a hindrance to my mission, and I resolved he should suffer.

Mr. Daffodil's words,—“Twentyman, my dear fellow, will you take down Mrs. Daffodil,”—were only what I expected, that order of outgoing being clearly what my rank and position entitled me to. Parable took Louisa; but a look told me how she loathed the being to whom Fate had linked her. The youth of modest demeanour should pay for all presently. By a graceful, and I must say thoughtful, device, a playful allusion of the morning's had been embodied in the bill of fare of the entertainment. When the covers had been taken off, there lay revealed fiction turned into fact; and Mr. Pickwick's chops and tomato sauce were to be seen in the concrete in a side-dish.

“What is that before you, Louisa?” said Mr. Daffodil, scanning the dish with considerable astonishment.

She laughed, and looked at me. I laughed too, and looked at Mrs. Daffodil; who laughed and looked at the man Parable; who did not laugh, but kept staring like a stupid kill-joy as he was.

“Some little mystery,” said Mr. Daffodil. “O, wicked, wicked pair!”

“Chops and tomato sauce,” I said, suffocating with laughter. The dear girl laughed too; we all laughed except the man Parable.

“O, I recollect,” Mr. Daffodil said, laying down his knife and fork the better to give way to his feelings. “Excellent, excellent! very good indeed! But,” added he, composing his features suddenly, “how thoughtful, how very thoughtful! Eh, Parable?”

The person so appealed to answered with an air of ill-concealed indifference, “I am afraid I have not been let into the secret. I am outside the tomato mystery.”

Tomato mystery! Like his impertinence! But before the end I should take down his high mightiness—that I had made up my mind to. “There are more things, sir,” I said, quoting the well-known adage, “in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Can it be that you have not read the life of Mr. Pickwick?”

“O yes,” said he, with one of his foolish laughs; “I rather think so: but I fancied that dish was peculiarly associated with an action for breach of promise of marriage.”

One of those terrible engines used in a late nefarious attempt might as well have exploded in the centre of the table; consternation was on the countenances

of all. Louisa, poor child, was crimson. Mr. Daffodil, being in the act of swallowing, went nigh to expiring of strangulation. Indignant at the author of this wretched speech, I could no longer contain myself. “No one here, sir,” I said, trembling with excitement, “is thinking of such matters. It must be a diseased mind indeed that can nourish such thoughts.” I flatter myself this was, as the gentlemen of the Ring say, “one, two for his nob.” But I went further: “Abrahams,” I called to the servant, “get me some of the dish before Miss Daffodil.” It was finished; I had driven my instrument home, and the enemy lay gasping at my feet.

Once more in the course of that night it was my destiny to encounter him, and lay him low. It came about in this way: the proposed musical entertainment was under discussion. Said the person they called Parable, “I may reckon on Miss Daffodil's help as usual, to accompany me?”

Mrs. Daffodil said, “Certainly; of course;” but Mr. Daffodil, on whom I had my eyes fixed, kept shaking his head in a very strange and uncertain manner.

Parable here interposed, with a tone of pique, “Surely as Miss Daffodil has always hitherto been so kind as to help me, I thought—”

Still Mr. Daffodil's head moved mysteriously up and down, rather than to the measure of a pure shake. “You see, my dear friend, Loo is not strong—not strong. To you, my dear Twentyman, she is pledged for one song, and must not go back from her word: but more than that—I really fear that—” A prolonged movement of the head supplied what he meant to say, namely, that Louisa's physical temperament had latterly become much enfeebled.

Then I burst in. “Let her,” I said with terrible irony; “let her play, play all the night long; play till she drops with weariness. Let her accompany me and this gentleman, and every body and any body, —choruses, quartets, quintets, octets, tentets! The more the merrier. Ha, ha!”

“I don't understand you, sir,” said the person named Parable, trying to be dignified. “I have no intention of being so unreasonable. But it is time for me to be going” (I heartily concurred with him), “so let me wish you good night.”

As I turned away suddenly I surprised on Louisa's face an imploring look directed towards the person who was now going away. What was its significance? To deprecate hostility. Hostility to me, the missionary. There it was; and my heart was at rest again. But Mr. Daffodil's brow was troubled, and he was playing tattoo upon his front teeth. “Good night, Parable,” he said; “let me see you down-stairs,” and they both passed out of the room together.

“Hush!” said Mrs. Daffodil hurriedly: “if you were only to know, Mr. Daffodil is under an obligation to that young man's father. So you see—death-bed—conjured him to watch over—Hush! here he is. Not a word, if you please.”

I understood it all now. Mr. Daffodil re-entered. “Strange young man, very strange! Perhaps a little forward; but we must have endurance. I suppose you must try and accompany him, my dear Loo. A little trial. Life is but sacrifice, after all.”



It was so settled at the end; settled too was it that the entertainment should be on the Monday of the following week. Then followed rehearsal of my melody to abundant applause; and on the stroke of twelve the little tray came in noiselessly, and so ended another happy evening. The mission was working well.

Between that night and the great Monday I may be said to have been on a beat, as it were, between the barracks and Eblana Square. I was in and out full twenty times in the day; I used to arrive post at unexpected hours of the night, being anxious to discharge myself of a sudden thought that had just struck me. I brought things, I bought things; I gave directions as to the disposition of lights; I stood on chairs, and hung up a mirror with my own hand to try the effect; I overlooked the supper-table, and gave directions to Abrahams and confectioners' people: altogether it was a pleasant time, and I fancy I was of very considerable use. Nay, when two choice evening dresses, for Miss Louisa's wear, were submitted to me—one, I fancy, plain, the other of the sprigged order—I gave my voice with marked enthusiasm for the sprigs. O, 'twas a happy, happy time; for I was young and free! says the song.

At ten o'clock on the night of the event, I was in the drawing-room at Eblana Square, the first arrival. That apartment was a blaze of light, disposed, it must be said, with considerable taste. I wandered up and down abstractedly for some moments, with a dim feeling that here was, in a measure, my own proper home—my house, my rooms, my lights, my party. Soft and pleasing reverie, to be rudely disturbed by entrance of Mr. Daffodil, choking in a buckram white tie. Presently floated in a white angel, borne on snowy clouds, all besprigged, at whose feet I could have sunk down on one knee and worshiped. It was enthralling, overpowering, entrancing: overpowering the effect too when Mrs. Daffodil made entrance, resplendent in shining crimson satin, magnificent sultana woman that she was. I felt that I was of them, they of me: bright kindly faces; father, mother, sister, all here ready to my hand. A sweet ring in that term of 'sister!'

A desperate knocking at the hall-door, signal-gun as it were for the attack, and we stood to our arms hurriedly, in this order; that is, Mrs. Daffodil well forward, with arms ordered, supported by sweet Louisa; Mr. Daffodil was altogether in the rear, covering the fire. Already could we hear afar off the hoarse cries, as the menials on the stairs passed the word one to the other, and our hearts beat high.

Without going into much detail, it may be sufficient to state, that the first arrivals were the Allibones, —father, mother, and daughters twain; to whom I had barely time to be presented, when there came a second irruption of the Merrimans, Coxes, Belpers, Brentfords, Appleterrys, pouring in all in a flood. By this time the crimson satin was permanently established in the doorway, and I could see it rising and falling eternally, welcoming every new-comer. The cries on the stairs were growing horribly discordant, as the men warmed to their work. There was one gentleman, whose post was at the drawing-room door, that went to the business with a terrible earnestness and

stern intensity of purpose. More than once that hoarse herald did grievous damage to my nerves, coming close to me as I loitered unguardedly at the door, and firing off into my ear "Mrs. Cox!" or some such syllable, like the sharp crack of a rifle. He was an awful being.

They still poured in: obese fathers of families, mothers of families to match, and bouncing daughters trooping in behind; long solitary men, seemingly without kith or kin, showed themselves at the door with a dubious uncertain manner, as if not quite clear whether they had any business there. And so it went on until all approaches were utterly choked; and finally an announcement that seemed like "MR. RAB" fell upon my ear, and the person whom they called Parable made his way in.

Now began the music: pianoforte duet,—"*Duet à quatre mains*," said the programme, "by the Misses Blucher." A terrible performance, a battery upon the instrument, sustained and deafening, to which, in justice it must be said, the audience made not a pretence of hearkening; nay, it was accepted gladly as a cover for noisy discourse and laughter irreverent; and when the executants came to a sudden stop, by way of surprise, there was a din and roar of voices perfectly astonishing, and of which we were ourselves a little ashamed. Mr. Ponder and his sister would next favour the company.

At about twelve p.m. there were sounds of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and loud voices; and there made irruption into the room, in Indian file, my friend Buswell, Toplady, Spavinge, Mangles, and a host of other worthies whom I had invited *en masse*. I don't know if this was not the most pleasing feature of that great evening: I marked Mrs. Daffodil's look of pride as the noble company entered, and the colour went and came, chameleon-wise, upon Louisa's cheeks. It was a great stroke that, and judiciously timed; there was sensation in the room, and a hush of expectancy. Meanwhile, as I roved about through the room, now with Mrs. Daffodil, now with Louisa, I could not shut my ears or eyes to the fact that I was the object of sundry whisperings and significant gestures. I could catch at times the words "new tenor, new tenor," floating from corners and dowager districts. I surprised, at odd moments, the eyes of those ladies fixed on me with a tender and encouraging expression.

At length my turn arrived, and Louisa came to tell me all things were now ready. How I bore myself through that trial it would scarce be fitting to state here. It is due to myself to say this much, that an impartial observer might declare that I did no discredit to her who had instructed me. There was a breathless stillness in the room, so that not a note was lost; and I felt within me a fire, an energy, a sense of being carried away out of and in spite of myself, that I now look back to with wonder. I sang to them how I was afloat, I was afloat on the fierce roving tide; how I heeded not the tempest; how my ship was my bride; how, at the end of all, I was afloat, I was afloat, and the rover was free. Horrible was the power with which I delivered that last cry, waving as I did so an imaginary flag over my head, forgetting in the wild enthusiasm of the moment where I was. I was the





TEMPTATION. BY MISS E. OSBORN.

MISS E. OSBORN, whose picture, "Nameless and Friendless," at the Royal Academy last year attracted so much attention, has made a vast advance in executive power; the little work from which our engraving is taken is one of the prettiest, as well as most successful, works in the exhibition of the year in Trafalgar Square. The little girl coming along the road, bearing a can of milk for the household at home, meets on the way the other juvenile rustic; there was a long trail of the bramble loaded with blackberries just within his reach, and neither of them could resist the temptation to linger and feast. Down she put her burden in dangerous neighbourhood to his heels; busily he went to work, and gave her handful after handful; she forgot her errand, and both forgot the milk. Presently he stepped a little too far back, kicked the can, the contents of which now run to waste on the thirsty earth. Here was a catastrophe which one

would have thought might recall her to her duty; but no, the blackberries were too large, too black, and plentiful; so he goes on picking, and she eating, and neither of them notice what has happened; until satiated at last, or the bush fairly stripped, she shall be recalled to the prospect of a beating, which will loom upon her all the way home, when her black-stained lips and spotted dress shall betray to her angry mother the cause of the delay and of the loss of the milk.

The really excellent qualities of this picture lead us to commend it to the reader, both as evincing great care on the part of the artist, and much taste for natural and simple truth of landscape and human character. We trust Miss Osborn will persevere in the sound and solid course of study which has resulted so excellently in this little work, and become, as she may well deserve, an ornament to our English School of Female Artists.

L. L.

corsair Conrad, with the white linen tunic and velvet cap and tassel, peculiar to the costume; and there beside me, with eyes brimming over, and sharing in my triumph, was Medora, the Corsair's bride.

It was about this time, when the frantic applause had subsided, that I caught sight of Buswell, Spavinge, and another of my brethren standing at the folding-door, looking towards me with a very strange expres-

sion. But I took small heed of them; for I knew the unworthy thoughts that were passing through their souls. As I came by them with Louisa on my arm they were still exchanging their odious glances. So we went forward, threading our way through the crowd, to Mr. Daffodil, who stretched out both arms as though he would bless us, and said:

"Nobly done, nobly done, both of you! I am glad



I have lived to see this night. Take down this poor child, Twentyman, take her down; for she must want rest and refreshment sadly."

As he spoke I felt a film before my eyes, and passed down silently to the supper-room. Both our hearts were too full to speak; and, to say the truth, at that moment I was sadly athirst;—rather, I had been athirst the whole night, and had had recourse to artificial stimulants to keep up my failing heart. And there, in the solitude of that supper-room (for it had not been opened to the general public as yet) we sat, and sat, being, as the late Byron observes in one of his tenderest poems, "all in all to one another."

But as I look back upon the events of that evening, it some way appears to me that from the date of that going down to supper I seem to see all things through a soft veil or cloud. Through that silver veil I behold myself dimly outlined, sitting on until the crowd came down tumultuously,—sitting on as faces flitted by that seemed to look at me pryingly and with curious eyes,—sitting on until Buswell and his unfeeling brethren came in riotously, with the same queer smile on their lips. Through which silver cloud I can see myself again, removed to higher latitudes,—to a return at the top of the stairs, and preferring a request with strange ardour and passion. I can hear a soft voice faltering out a half assent, and filling me with unaccountable transport and rapture.

Later on I can see myself, through the cloud, standing at the foot of the stairs, with Buswell having fast hold of my arm, and saying, "What are you doing? The whole room is talking of you. Come away." To whom I say, "My dear fellow, I am sho happy!—in an ecstasy—quite in an ecstasy!" To whom Buswell, "Do come away, that's a good fellow; you are making a fool of yourself." "Sir!" I hear myself saying, as I lean against the banisters,—“sir, Captain Bushwell, this is un—unshentl'man—ly on your part. Has she not promish'd—promish'd to be mine?"

I can see through the cloud Mr. Daffodil looking at me with glistening eyes, who shakes my hand fervently, calling me his "dear boy." "I am s-sho, sho happy!" I tell him again and again.

Finally, Buswell has me by the arm once more, at the foot of the stairs, and he, with somebody else, is persuading me that it is all hours, and that I can come again in the morning. "Sh-o I can, sh-o I can," I tell them; and thereupon the cloud grows dark, and closes in fast;—and of all the rest I have no distinct perception.

### III.

At about twelve o'clock next day, on first waking to consciousness, and to a racking headache, I became aware that there was some one in the room, looking out of the window.

"Who is there?" I ask in a faint weak voice.

"It is I, the Avenger," Buswell said, stalking over solemnly. "What have you to say, wretched man, for your doings of last night?"

"Pleasant party, wasn't it?" I said, vainly striving to grasp the events of the preceding night. "Did I do it well?"

"Let me offer my humble congratulations," said Buswell with intense irony, "on the auspicious event."

"What do you mean, Buswell?" I said imploringly, and with a dim comprehension looming on me of what he was alluding to.

"Simply that you have been nicely fooled, O greenest of hands! You are to be united speedily to that sweet girl Miss Daffodil. The whole town has it by this time."

I gave a deep heart-rending groan, and sank back on the pillow. At that moment it all came back on me; the song—the supper—the sitting. O, pretty missionary work! I gasped out feebly something about loving only as a brother—as a brother.

Buswell laughed. "Come, cheer up, poor boy," he said; "I have been thinking it all over already. You must be sent away at once."

"I must be sent away at once?" I murmured from the pillow.

"You must be brought to the colonel, and thrown upon his mercy."

"I must be thrown upon his mercy?" I repeated.

"He will be savage, furious; but will give you leave. You shall be transported to Ireland—to my father's house; and lie there until all has blown over."

"But," said I, with the missionary work still in my mind, "perhaps you mistake, after all. The love of a brother—"

There came a tap at the door, and a note was handed in to me. Too well I knew that bold business hand. It called me "My dear boy," and said that the writer had already called twice, but had failed of seeing me. He was anxious, disturbed in mind, on my behalf. We had much to talk over together; for that sweet child Louisa had told him all—every thing. I should find a knife and fork in the old place—that day, at seven precisely. Some way he had always felt fatherly towards me, but couldn't make it out. At the end he was mine affectionately, St. John Daffodil. It was over. It was no dream, but hideous reality; so I covered up my head in my dressing-gown, like the Roman of old, and sank down at the foot—of the bed.

We were before the colonel in half an hour from that time. Buswell had kindly broken the matter gently to him first, so that I was spared that portion of my trial. But O, the most cruel part of all was, when I was alone with my own bitter thoughts in the solitude of my chamber, to find I had been so deceived in those in whom I had fondly placed trust; and that all this while they should have been harbouring such base and mercenary thoughts.

Being brought before the colonel, whose person had been framed on the lines of the Marshal Pelissier, and whose voice seemed to issue from the depths of a puncheon,—being brought, I say, before that rude soldier, he told me, without circumlocution, that I had behaved like a something fool; that I was a disgrace to him and his corps; and that, only for my youth and inexperience, he had a deuced good mind to let me get out of the scrape as I could. However, I might go; and had best be quick about it.

Buswell led me away across the square, with my head hanging down ignominiously, a sad and pitiable spectacle. My heart was broken; and I heard, but heeded not, the scoffs and unfeeling jokes of gentlemen from windows, who were by this time in full possession of my sad history. Coarse allusions to white



ribbon, four grays, blest men, which fell as though upon the ear of one in a dream. All would seem to have deserted me save Buswell. He stood to me true as steel.

In my rooms once more, we laid a safe and secure plan. Some five or six miles from the town of Allchester was a watering-place, from which there was daily communication with Ireland. Most of the Allchestrians had pleasant villas and houses there; and it was altogether an agreeable place of resort in the summer-time. Many and many a pleasant jaunt I had taken down there when my heart was light, and my eye was bright, in company with her who had—no matter. It was settled that about three o'clock p.m. a covered vehicle should be privily introduced into the barrack-square; and to divert suspicion, should be drawn up at a brother-officer's door. I should then journey down quietly to the watering-place, dine with what appetite I might, and go on board when darkness set in. Buswell's father and mother, worthy folks, would only be too glad to have me.

Towards three o'clock, then, all things being ready, the covered vehicle was unostentatiously introduced, and drawn up at Buswell's door. I could have wished to have stolen away unheeded, unobserved; and came down after my portmanteau, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, as if I were going out for a duel. But those idle fellows (for whom surely the State ought to find some service in times of peace) were lounging about; and for them the cab was a subject of extraordinary interest. When I came out I found some half-dozen or so of them gathered round, curiously investigating the horse, the door-handles, and such matters. Their unfeeling laugh when I appeared, I registered an oath never to forgive; their broad jokes, too, seemed to me singularly out of place. The driver was bidden to stop at Gunter's, to call for a certain bandbox; and was vociferously assailed for not being provided with a bow of white ribbon. The only notice I took of these remarks was to fold my cloak about me with contempt, and prepare to ascend the vehicle, when suddenly I seemed to see a figure, just turning the corner of the square, and advancing with a pleasant smile. That jocund face struck terror to my soul, and my limbs tottered under me. I was going to meet it, my features composed to a ghastly smile, when I felt the horseman's cloak drawn from my shoulders.

The jocund face had now reached us—jocund, that is, no longer, but contorted with unmistakable anger and mistrust. "I wish to speak with you, Mr. Twentyman, privately, before setting out on your travels."

"Travels!" I gasped out, "O yes—certainly—that is—" I don't know what I was going to add,—but heaven be praised!—there then came a sudden deliverance from the jaws of destruction. There was a bustle behind, a shuffling of footsteps, and little Spavinge,—whom I had hitherto made small account of, and, in fact, rather overridden,—broke through the crowd, arrayed in my horseman's cloak.

"Good-by, Twentyman," he said hurriedly, shaking hands all round. "Good-by, Buswell; by, Mr. Daffodil—kindest remembrances. And see, Twentyman, don't forget about the gray mare. Good-by."

He drove away. My portmanteau was on the roof; but I had little thought for that, I was so inexpres-

sibly relieved; my heart was lightened, and I could have hugged little Spavinge. This may be the proper time to mention, that availing himself of the opportunity to make several calls, and do a little shopping, he returned in about an hour's time by the back entrance, and was set down at his own door.

Mr. Daffodil's face had grown buoyant again. It was radiant rather, for his heart also had been lightened. "Going away on leave?" Mr. Daffodil said complacently; "going away on leave, gentlemen?"

Chorus of assent from many voices.

"On sick leave," Buswell said mournfully.

Added one of the brethren: "Premature decay of the constitution."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Daffodil, "you don't tell me so. Now, do you? He seemed to me—er—robustious on the whole, eh?"

"Always the way—the fatal delusion. Ours is a most unhealthy corps; isn't it so, doctor?" he added, addressing one of the party in no way connected with the medical interest.

A gloomy man answered, shaking his head mournfully, "Perhaps the most unhealthy in the service; mortality may be taken at—say, one in twenty-five."

"You don't say so?" Mr. Daffodil said, looking at me with visible uneasiness. "And where is our young friend going?"

"To Madeira," Buswell said.

"Say, rather, to a premature grave in a foreign land," the gloomy man added.

Noble fellows! In this way they stood by me gallantly; until Mr. Daffodil, passing his arm inside mine, begged of me to come up to my room for a few minutes' private conversation. Again must my cheek have blanched; but I had sufficient control over my emotions to let no sound escape me. So I simply bowed down my head, and suffered myself to be led away as to the scaffold. Up the stone flight we wended mournfully, my arm fast locked in his, with a persuasion that soon all would be over, and my sad history ended; when lo, deliverance comes again, in the shape of Corporal Peebles of my own company, with word that the colonel demanded instant speech of me. Who had improvised that superior officer I was at no loss to divine. I felt Mr. Daffodil's arm tighten on me. "For one moment," said he; "just two words in your room."

Said the corporal stolidly, "The colonel won't wait, sir,—mounting his horse in the back square."

"There," I say, releasing myself with violence, "I must go. Another time, Mr. Daffodil."

"But last night," he said distractedly,—"this morning! I must speak to you!"

"Another time," I say, going down.

"Dinner at seven, then!" Mr. Daffodil calls out over the banisters.

I was free again, and could breathe freely. Dinner at seven! Poor unsuspecting mortal! Where should I be at that hour?

I was kept close, in strict privacy in Buswell's rooms for the rest of that day. At six o'clock that evening two figures, one wrapped closely in a horseman's cloak, might have been observed to steal forth from the back entrance under cover of the darkness. They might have been observed, after wandering on a street or so, to draw near to an adjoining cab-stand,



and to enter one of those vehicles with great privacy and mystery. By lonely and unfrequented ways, the two strangers were conveyed silently to the railway-station, where a black portmanteau (it was his of the horseman's cloak) was ready waiting, having gone on before. Here one of the strangers took a long farewell of the other, commending him to the special care of Providence; and I sank back in a retired corner filled with a deep despondency, wrapped in my own feelings, and in the horseman's cloak.

It was a cold wet night, not too dismal, however, for the stranger in the remote first-class compartment. He was solitary: he was undisturbed. No one sought to intrude on his solitude; and so we sped on through the night, to the music of the engine's shriek, until after some twenty minutes' journeying the train came rolling into the watering-place. Confusion of passengers groping through the darkness for their baggage, I seeking the black portmanteau. Hopeless search in that wilderness of trunks: when lo, I descry it afar off, standing in a corner, and I descry too, with a sudden sickening at heart, a dark figure bending over to read the large white initials,—“H. T.,” standing for Horatio Twentyman,—inscribed upon its cover. It was all over, useless struggling further with destiny; so I would go to him, and give myself up at once, and say, “Here, Daffodil, take me, take me away; do with me as you will; lead me to the slaughter—to the altar, only be speedy and put me out of pain.”

A sudden thought occurred to me; all was not yet lost; I might yet be saved. I would turn and fly; perish the portmanteau; perish all worldly goods. But I should have to pass him. Drawing my hat firmly over my brows, and gathering the cloak about me—with my teeth set firmly, and murmuring a prayer to Heaven for deliverance,—I rushed desperately past; but a cry behind told me that he had seen me. Still I sped on without turning, straight down towards the pier, where I could see the dark outline of the packet, and the white steam escaping turbulently, bells ringing noisily, captain's shouts reaching me; she was just casting off, that was plain. A voice from behind, as it were of one panting, calling faintly to “Stop him, stop him!” A few more steps, and I should be safe. Ah, no; too late! She has cast off—gangway removed—and backing much astern—voice behind calling still to “Stop him!” Suddenly, as the vessel backs, the stern comes gradually to the edge, and men ask, is the gentleman minded to go still. Friendly arms are held out from aboard, and in a second I am standing on the deck, being borne onward at full speed. I was afloat (ah, that touches a chord!); but as we moved swiftly away, I could just make out a dark figure at the edge of the pier, gesticulating wildly, and tossing its arms distractedly over its head.

#### SPANISH NORTH AMERICA.\*

THERE is much yet to be told of Spanish America, and much that might have been told in a better fashion.

\* *Mitla: a Narrative of Incidents and Personal Adventures on a Journey in Mexico, Guatemala, and Salvador, in the years 1853 to 1855. With Observations on the Modes of Life in those Countries.* By G. F. Von Tempsky. Edited by J. S. Bell. London: Longmans.

Herr G. F. Von Tempsky has undertaken to portray it, and the races that inhabit it, in a more lifelike manner than hitherto. Let us see how far he has succeeded.

Our author had passed three years in California; when, on the 1st of July 1853, he embarked on board a French brig, bound for Mazatlan, on the western coast of Mexico, where he arrived on the 22d. The Californian fever had aided the rapid advance of this pretty little town, which traded in provisions with San Francisco. But the fever and its advantages had now subsided together; and the inhabitants had to defend themselves against the approach of Comanche Indians, who for some years had become accustomed to enter the northern Mexican territory, finding it a safer theatre for their horrible depredations than the Western States of North America.

Herr Von Tempsky took up his residence in a *Meson*, that is, a Mexican hotel; a spacious quadrangular building, with courtyards in the centre, surrounded with corridors, by which only the rooms communicate. The corridor is used also for a kind of hall, where every body slings his hammock and hangs up his riding-gear. The rooms are furnished in very primitive style, having only one bedstead so-called,—an article of furniture with four legs, supporting a few planks nailed together; sometimes it is merely a frame of wood, interlaced with thongs of cow-hide. Near the ceiling a loophole serves for a window (it is secured with iron bars); and the walls are adorned with sketches, extemporised by travellers with charcoal, knife, broomstick, or any other handy implement.

Having—providentially, as it will afterwards appear—declined to accompany a party of Mexicans to the interior, our traveller and his friend, Dr. S—, journeyed alone. They engaged a boat on the lagoon for the Urias, intending to hire horses as far as San Sebastian, where they were told they might be advantageously purchased for the remainder of the tour. In Urias they found an *arriero* (a muleteer), who engaged to carry them with their baggage to San Sebastian. The little town is perched upon a detached eminence of bold and precipitous ascent, situated in a narrow valley, through which a broad river glides, encircling the peninsula on which it is situated. A venerable church-tower raises its head over all the other buildings that every where peep through luxuriant foliage. In the background, the outlines of majestic mountains are faintly visible. Here they found the promised horses either unserviceable or too dear; and were unable to purchase any. The town had few attractions. Once, when under Spain, it was a place of importance and wealth; and on the vestiges of those better days a degraded generation now lived listlessly, awaiting a still sadder future. A few fine houses near the plaza, or square, still present in their solid architecture a pleasant contrast to the crumbling roofs and split walls of the surrounding habitations.

“But their corridors, supported by stone pillars and arches, were deserted; no life was in their courtyards nor round their fountains. In vain we looked for bright eyes behind the iron window-bars, or the fluttering of white robes in their garden-walks; their substitutes, whenever they appeared, were lustreless and repugnant. At last we grew tired of lonely streets, and visiting a few superannuated families who seemed to have preserved of their noble ancestors only the stupid formalities.”





EVENING EFFECT. BY C. SMITH.

THIS is a pretty little sketch of a picture now exhibiting at the Royal Academy, executed by a hitherto unknown artist, but promising enough to indicate his future success. It is one of those peculiarly English scenes so frequently to be observed on the wastes and common-lands of the southern counties: a stream of water, some level country, a group of elms, and distant rising ground, too soft in character and low in elevation to be called hills, yet prominent enough to break the monotony of the plain, and give an air of beauty to the distance. Overhead a heavy mass of gathering evening cloud, behind which the sun glows in yellowish orange

fire,—fire that, blazing through the boughs of the trees, is reflected in the pool in front.

Despite the uncultivated nature of the spot, there is over it a calm and settled repose, the result of centuries of peace. Those lofty elms have never seen, even from their topmost boughs, the banner of an enemy; the smoke of ravage and rapine has never been driven by the wind through their thick leaves in summer, or amongst the barrenness of their mighty limbs in the nakedness of winter. They have grown lofty in security, and their only antagonists have been the winds and the frosts. L. L.

The next village they reached was Panuco; a place once renowned for its silver mines, whose riches are not yet exhausted, though from want of capital not worked advantageously. Six leagues distant is Santa Lucia, where they found steeper mountains than those they had already clomb. The tropical vegetation began to change; till at last they saw nothing but oaks and fir-trees, and underneath them stunted grass. The atmosphere felt cool. Descending, however, into the "Little Paradise,"—so our traveller designates the town of Santa Lucia,—the sombre fir-tree was replaced by thousands of flowers, amongst a tropical vegetation, and the atmosphere was as mild and balmy as the breath of spring. They took lodgings at the house of the *alcalde*, or magistrate.

"Santa Lucia had been, before the Indians began prowling about the road, the refuge and place of outfit of all robbers in that district. But since the great competition got up by the Comanches, the natives gave up the business in despair. Some of the old stock would venture out now and then; but, in general, the neighbourhood was kept in pretty good order, owing chiefly to the energetic management of our countryman, to whom the government had delegated sufficient authority to keep down the worst class by the help of the better disposed of the natives. A few days before we arrived, a party had been surprised while stealing cattle; they were fired upon, two were killed, and two others taken prisoners. The latter the doctor sent on to Durango, under escort. On the road, the escort grew tired of their charge, and hanged the prisoners on a tree. They returned with a tale that, the prisoners having mutinied, they had to kill them."

They found ascending the ridge of the Sierra Madre hard work; but the scenery on the plateau well repaid the labour: gigantic heaps of rocks, alternately

looking like castles or tombs, or broken-off columns, some containing caves, and curiously formed crevices, or mouldering ruins of some miniature Balbek. The place is fantastically named "Piloncillos," or Little Loaves of Sugar.

At Chavarias our travellers met with traces of Comanche visits—scorched posts, blackened walls, and void spots; mutilated corpses, and memorial mounds. At the sight they grasped their rifles more firmly, and inly murmured their resolutions, as they marched onwards in the deep shadows thrown by the woods over their road. Nearly drenched with rain, they reached the remains of El Salto, a cattle estate that had lately been burned and plundered by the Indians, and took up their abode for the night in a building that had been spared by the flames. Then follows this fearful picture:

"Darkness sank slowly on our road; yet we had to go on, as our task for the day was not ended. The moon rose, and guided our footsteps over a road that began to be rugged and broken. All at once my friend stops, and points to an object, half in shade, lying crouched on the road. We make a sign to our followers to stop, and cocking our rifles, we carefully advance on one side of the road from tree to tree: opposite the object, we halt to reconnoitre and await some movement. The form is human and naked, consequently an Indian; the attitude, as much as is discernible, crouching, like some one with his ear to the ground. It is no doubt an outpost of some larger detachment. To dispose of him with a shot would be therefore imprudent. I unsheath my knife, put my rifle down, cautiously measure my distance, and with a spring have his throat in my grasp. My knife is descending when, to my horror, I feel, by the clamminess of his throat, that the hand of Death has forestalled mine. In that moment the moon, for some time



shrouded, breaks through the clouds, and glitters on the scalpless skull of a body perforated with lance wounds. The face is contracted and rigid, and I see we have mistaken a Mexican victim for his Indian murderer. With a shudder we go onward, and find another and another in the same state, and so on until we count twenty-nine bodies. At last we recognised in one the features of the Mexican lawyer who invited us at Mazatlan to accompany him. That heap of corpses was his party!"

This terrible incident may be accepted as closing the introductory act of the stirring drama before us. The next act opens with a picture of Durango, and its Alameda, the place of public resort, with its six gates, its shady trees, its flowery parterres, and its stone seats. There the Mexican gentlemen display their good riding; the turn-out of the *cavalleros* is brilliant and picturesque. The carriages are filled with beautiful women, who are rather clumsily suited with conveyances; but in their dress adopt the European fashions, substituting the shawl for the *mantilla*. The mass of the people are poor. In the trials to which poverty subjects them, neither their government nor their religious instructors lend them a helping hand. Unaided, and tempted by a climate productive of sensual propensity, a large proportion of them sink, after a little struggle, into the depths of immorality. Some exceptions, however, exist; and even the women, who occupy the level of the abandoned class in Europe, preserve a degree of characteristic self-respect; a fact which our traveller believes is due to the circumstance of their not being reduced to a separate community as in Europe, where, banished from all that is good, "accumulated evil festers into corruption—a horror which is palliated only by the consideration of this class being a sacrifice to the well-being of their betters." They who are so clamorously agitating the question of "the Great Social Evil" in our daily journals, should reflect on this statement before making random remarks on a subject which requires to be treated with the utmost delicacy. Every where woman is better than her fortune; even in Mexico, in spite of the men, and the general profligacy, there are good women to be found.

Durango has its *Plaza de Torros*; and almost every Sunday, at three in the afternoon, a bull-fight takes place, which the multitude pawn their last shirts or petticoats to witness. It is a theatre where gallantry is paraded; and the Mexican ladies, who are shy of eating before men, are urged by their admirers' eloquence to submit to the martyrdom of putting an extremely small piece of food into the prettiest of mouths. Meanwhile "the electro-magnetism of the eye is in full operation, and fans assist with all their power those telegraphic dialogues." The race-course also furnishes amusement to the Mexican gentry. But after all, the sources of entertainment are few, and the ladies have overmuch spare time, during which they cultivate friendships amongst their own sex. Their first intercourse with strangers is shy and stiff; but the frost soon dissolves, and their confidence gradually increases. Music is a passion with them, and proficient pianists, guitarists, and singers are not rare. But society is not safe in Durango. One day a party of Indians galloped through its suburbs, lancing individuals, and carrying off women. The army is in a

bad condition, being recruited from the prisons. A moral poison infects it. Besides, it is badly paid; sometimes, left to starve, the soldiers resort to stealing. In all respects they are ill-conditioned, ill-disciplined, ill-accoutred, both cavalry and infantry alike. They are deficient, officers and men, in courage. To counteract the ill effects of all this, a gentleman of fortune, one Maldonado Granados, a Guatemalan by birth, raised a guerilla corps, which served to neutralise the Indian; but his efforts were not seconded by the government, and his plans rejected. Santa Anna feared the jealousy of the regular army, and dreaded to place power in the hands of a man of talent in distant provinces smarting under oppression. Our author tells at length some stories of Indian atrocity which are too horrible for repetition; and instances of cowardice on the part of the army which for shame may be omitted.

Herr Von Tempsky was glad to escape from Durango, and with his friend departed for Mexico. At San Felipe, he lets us into the mysteries of Mexican horse-dealing. He found by indirect inquiry that the few horses in a certain stable were *not* for sale; their value, or prices, he learned in the same manner. No purchaser thinks of showing his real intention until the seller has committed himself by mentioning the outside price of the article. The bidding downward then commences,—an unavoidable operation, however hateful,—for there are no standard prices in North America. "If you want to sell, there is no price too low; if to buy, none too high." By skilful haggling, the narrator got a horse upon his own terms.

The physiological features of the country, so to speak, are thus described:

"The broad plateau that stretches from the north of Durango beyond the capital of Mexico, offers scarcely any obstacles to wagon-roads in all directions; animals of draught exist in abundance; hence commerce can thrive as it did under the Spanish dominion. But the mountain-terraces that gradually elevate this plateau from the east and west are abrupt and precipitous; rents and chasms of the wildest aspect traverse and intersect the mountain-chains in all directions; and the engineer, unaffected by the luxuriant beauties of tropical vegetation, &c., after cursing atrociously the picturesque outline of hill and vale, stands lost in despair on the brink of their intractable precipices, over which he has to construct a road. Here, where nature is grandest, the arriero thrives: indefatigable, like his mules, he climbs up the rugged paths after the long train of hundreds of burdened quadrupeds, winding along the zigzag way in straggling procession, with tinkling of bells and the encouraging shouts of himself and his fellows. Such is the ascent from both coasts. To these difficulties are joined the depressing influence of the tropical climate on human energy, from which the tribe of arrieros alone seems exempt. As regards the prosperity of the two coasts and the interior, the difference is strikingly in favour of the latter, a result of the fore-mentioned causes."

We might also here insert the description of the houses and streets of Zecateccas, which are "crammed in between the clefts of ravines and rocks," and also of the cathedral, which is a noble building, with a gorgeous interior: "silver and gold, massive and plated, were every where displayed." But close to this is a picture of Mexican robbers, who met in our traveller and his small party more than their match; he was, however, wounded in the foot, and had to wait



in San Francisco fifteen days in order to his recovery. He tells likewise the story of a man in Durango who, in a fight with the Indians, behaved like a true descendant of Cortes.

"He was a very powerful man, and always rode horses of proportionate strength: In his rambles after his cattle, he used to wear a leathern cuirass and strong leggings, both arrow-proof and nearly lance-proof. His only weapon was a straight double-edged sword, with a shell-guard; and on its blade was the old Spanish motto, 'Do not draw me without reason, nor sheathe me without honour.' The sword had been handed down to him from his grandfather. The grandson kept true to the motto of the blade. One day he discovered twelve Indians driving off some of his cattle; he immediately rode after them. The Indians seeing one Mexican approaching, whose countrymen they had beaten by hundreds, scarcely paid any attention to him; but, as he came on with drawn sword, they thought it was necessary to punish the presumption.

The pursuit of the cattle was left, and they began riding round their doomed victim, swinging their lances round their heads. But the character of the scene soon changed: my friend, by a few bounds of his horse, was alongside of these 'man-spitters;' and the first thing the Indian felt was the knock of the sword-shell on the breast, as the long blade was sticking out at his back. The rest came now in a body upon the *ranchero*, and lance-thrusts pressed on him from all sides. But his horse wheeled around as if its hind-feet were a pivot; while he, parrying some thrusts and receiving others on his cuirass, lunged out his long blade right and left, and swept it round his head, shivering splinters from their lances. Several began to feel faint from ugly gashes; their shields seemed of not much avail; three sank from their horses, like the first, to keep him company, breathing no longer through their mouths, but where the Toledo had opened a bloody passage to the lungs. The *ranchero's* horse took as active a part in the combat as his master: urged by him in bounds against the foe, they received many a stunning blow or fractured limb from the pawing fore-hoofs of the powerful charger. The courage of the Indians sank, their enemy seemed invulnerable; his horse bleeding, but not exhausted; and the despised antagonist became now truly terrible. Of the eight that remained, four fled, and were pursued by the *ranchero*."

The remainder of the story must be sought in the book. Herr Von Tempsky has a faculty for story-telling, and many stirring anecdotes are to be found in this volume. We must now approach the place which gives its title to the work. Mitla lies to the south of Mexico, and portions of its ancient palaces are there still extant: it is an Indian village, full of vestiges that remind the traveller of Montezuma. Here our party were taken by their guides to the house of the *alcalde*, an aboriginal Indian, who received them very kindly, and accompanied them to the ruins. Engravings of these are given. One group, composed of four buildings, fronted towards an open square in the midst of them. Two were entire ruins, with but some fragments of the wall standing; the other two were in better condition, but roofless. The main building had two subterraneous chambers, wherein a pillar of stone can be seen, called the "Pillar of Death." The Indians believe that he who embraces this column must shortly die; that is, if an Indian: white persons, whom they have frequently beheld trying the experiment, experience no ill result. The walls of all these buildings have two distinct parts; the inner consisting merely of round unhewn stone,—boulders cemented together,—and the outer of a sort of mosaic, in which the figure

is formed by means of the head, or outer part, of oblong-shaped pieces of stone that are inserted the rest of their length in the spaces left for them in front of the inner portion of the wall. All these ornamental pieces are formed of a soft sandstone, cut with the greatest attention to the correctness of right angles, as they all have to fit in their whole length close together, and to form a smooth surface exteriorly with their heads. Each piece is about seven inches in length, one in depth, and two and one-eighth in breadth. All the figures represented in the ornamental device of this mosaic are rectangular or diagonal, and exhibit a great variety in that limited system of design. The doors and windows of the building are square, wide, and low; their lintels formed of very large solid slabs of stone.

A second group of ruins includes a building containing one large hall, wherein there are six solid stone pillars, standing at an equal distance along the centre of the hall, that seem to have supported the roof. They are of granite, each of one massive piece, and have neither pedestal, capital, nor architrave. Their height is about twelve feet; their diameter four, at the base, from which it diminishes. Adjoining to this hall is a projecting part of the building that looks towards the mountain in an opposite direction from the central courtyard. This part contains four chambers; three less, and a big one in the centre. One of the small ones still bears a flat roof of stone.

While meditating on these vestiges, a swarm of pretty little Indian girls solicited our travellers' attention. They offered for sale little idols of clay or sandstone. These idols had flat heads, and were said to have served as ornaments of the interior walls, on which they were formerly fastened with cement.

Our travellers also sought for ruins in the neighbourhood of Tehuantepec, but they were unsuccessful. The population here is purely Indian. They are a small race, delicately made; and the shape of their women is exceedingly graceful and, though small, well developed, verging at times even on plumpness. Their costume is picturesque; their features are regular, well-chiselled, prominent, and expressive. Jet-black hair, silky and luxuriant, inframes their light-brown faces; on which, in youth, a warm blush on the cheek heightens the lustre of their dark eyes, with long horizontal lashes and sharply-marked eyebrows. They are good-hearted and passionate, confiding and generous; but their morals are in a deplorable condition.

We have stated that our author is good at anecdote; the following is a brilliant example, almost a parable:

"Many years ago, a wealthy German merchant, residing in Mexico, became embarrassed in his affairs through speculation, and after an honourable struggle he failed. This reverse of fortune appeared to him irreparable, no consolatory hope was to be seen on the horizon of the blank desert of his future life. He despaired. His existence had become an insupportable burden to him, and he resolved to be rid of it. Still he shrank from casting the disgrace of suicide on a name borne at home by honourable relations; so he devised a plan which would accomplish his purpose without creating suspicion of his having had suicidal intentions.

Over the crater of Popocatepetl hangs a dense cloud of sulphurous vapour, which issues in volumes from the depth of the abyss. Any near approach to the brink of the crater



produces a suffocating sensation on every one who has ascended so far. A descent into the crater, therefore, was considered to be certain death. All this was well known to him; so he mentioned to his friends his intention to have a trip up the mountain, and he set out for it.

On the various slopes of the mountain are some villages of the aboriginal Indians. From the last of these he took two guides, with ropes and poles and other articles used in the ascent, and so reached the summit. There he ordered his guides to plant two poles crossways on the brink of the crater, as he wished to explore the interior. In vain they tried to dissuade him. He merely told them to wait for him, and, on his signal, to haul him up; then, shutting his eyes, and compressing his mouth and nostrils, he descended by the ropes into the yawning chasm.

His senses were in a whirl, his brain reeled, and the oppression on his respiratory organs made the terrors of death palpable. Still he persevered, and, clutching the rope convulsively, he continued his descent, when lo, on a sudden, all oppressiveness vanished, he felt it to be in a pure respirable atmosphere, and in a few moments more he stood on firm ground!

He opened his eyes, and here he was indeed in another world. An immense dome of glittering yellow crystals, forming figures of infinite variety, was lit up by innumerable pale blue flames, flickering from cornices, from arabesques, and from deep recesses, or playing in increasing and decreasing jets on the walls of this unearthly hall, whose dome was propped by huge fluted columns of a glassy polish, resembling giant bundles of reeds.

For a moment, our hero, stupefied and astonished, doubted the evidence of his senses; for a moment he thought he had entered on another stage of his existence; that all around him was unreal, shadowy, a delusion of his whirling brain. But a dim glimpse of the distant opening above him, through which the white vapours whirled in ascending spirals, and amid which, at moments, the clear sunlit atmosphere shone like a diamond, reminded him of the world above, and he then understood the world around him.

He now saw that he was in a cavern of sulphur-formation, an inexhaustible mine of sulphur-crystals and *flor-de-azufre*: his speculative spirit revived, for he perceived at a glance what immense wealth could be derived from what he now saw around him. A boundless horizon of hope now expanded in his heart, and while his eyes filled with tears of gratitude to his forgiving God, he gave the signal to be hauled up.

He now perceived that only very near the mouth of the crater the vapours became compressed and suffocating, and that immediately below there was an atmosphere perfectly pure and salubrious. This mine of sulphur soon yielded him an immense fortune, and he returned to his own country a richer, and perhaps a better man.

This mine of sulphur is worked to this day, and appears to be exhaustless. At the brink of the crater, where the hero of our tale descended, are still to be seen the two cross-posts by means of which he effected his descent."

This tale seems to have been told as a moral dissuasive to suicide,—a crime which it seems the Mexicans never commit. Our author, who has peculiar ideas on this point, ascribes the fact to their dastardly character. He quotes his own experience in support of his opinion, and corroborates it by the difference that exists between the Mexicans and Guatemalians. The latter are distinguished by more strength of character.

"In Mexico," he states, "such a case of a man committing suicide for any thing, be it love, despair, remorse, slighted ambition, or even madness,—such a case is not known there; people there never go to these extremes. . . . I don't (he proceeds) advocate suicide; but if my opinion were asked whether a worthless fellow should be allowed to rid us of his existence or not, I would say, 'By all means,

let him do so;' and I would moreover erect a monument to his memory as a man that did one worthy act in his life,—that of having, at the last moment, shown some regard for public opinion. Let a suicide be called a coward; *but I know* that amongst a nation of cowards I never found a suicide."

In Guatemala, on the contrary, of which a full account is to be found in Herr Von Tempsky's volume, suicide is frequent. Numerous cases, he says,—mostly of men, and mostly produced by despair in love,—were in people's recollection for the last fifteen years.

In the description of Guatemala, some interesting particulars concerning the president Rafael Carrera are given. The battle of Patzum is described with great spirit. There is also a full-length portrait of the Padre Vicente, the liberal priest, which is drawn with much of romantic effect. The earthquake of 1854, which laid San Salvador in ruins, is also fully interpreted by the actual experience of the author's own feelings. In a word, the work is full of interest and information. It is illustrated with a number of coloured engravings, plates, and woodcuts, well executed and of great utility as illustrative of scenery and antiquities.

#### MASTERS ARE OUT.

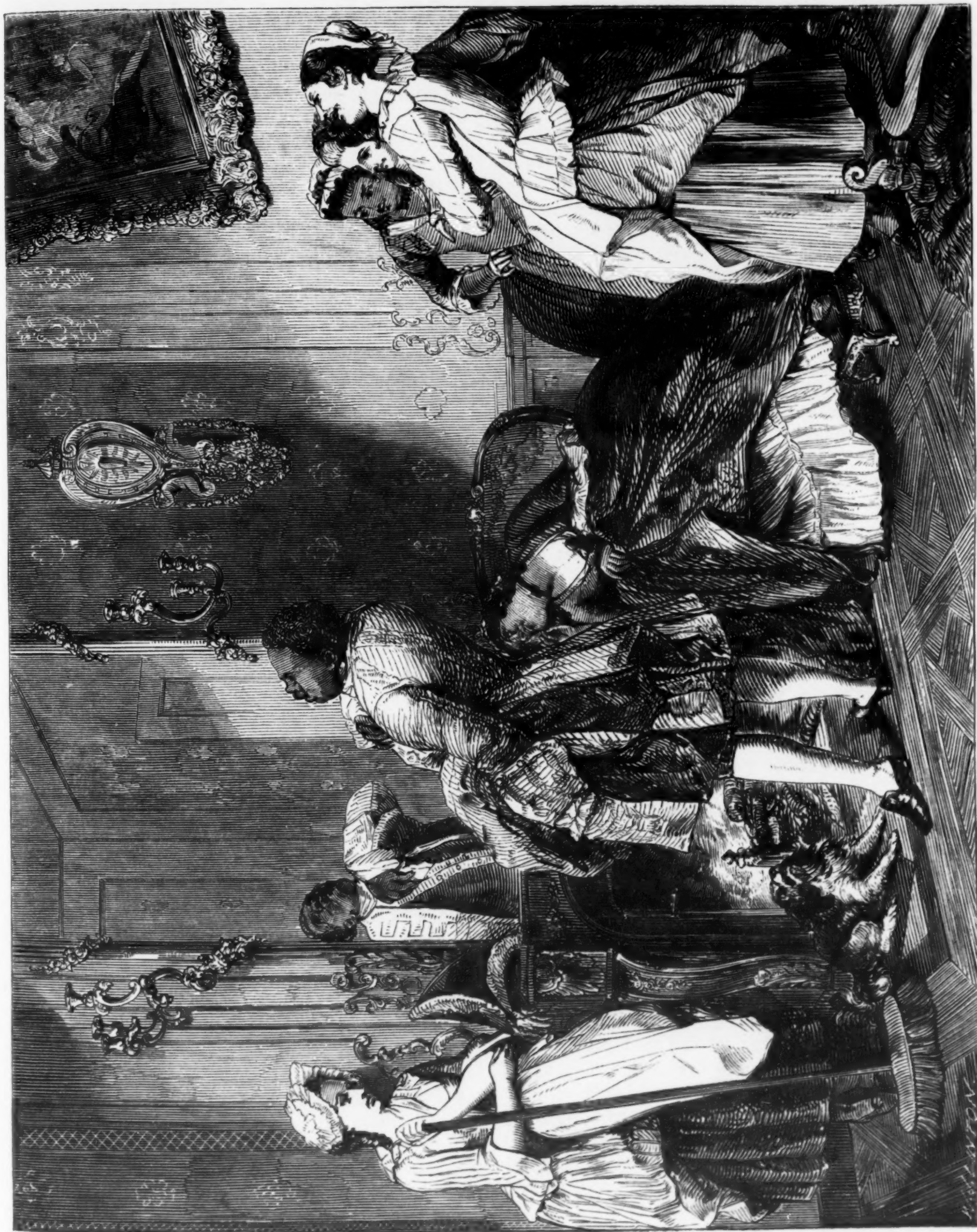
By HENRI SCHLESINGER.

HERE is a subject many times a favourite with the painters of *genre* pictures, representing saturnalia of the servants, or the kitchen in the drawing-room. "Masters are out," and therefore these good people have slipped up-stairs, and proceed to consider themselves the masters instead of the servants. Black Sambo struts before the chimney-glass, arrayed in his master's finest vestments, gorgeous in fine linen and embroidery, and, arranging a most portentous shirt-frill with a sable hand, contemplates his dingy countenance and splendid borrowed plumage with infinite satisfaction to himself, and not a little to the admiration of his female companions. He, as the only gentleman, is of course duly respected by the damsels; so he turns out his toes, places his arm more valiantly a-kimbo, sustaining with it a silk-lined cloak,—his master's pride and glory,—throws back his head, apes the swagger of the aforesaid grandee, and forms altogether a rich satire upon the airs and graces of his betters. Mademoiselle the lady's-maid, as becomes her dignified position in the household, has thrown herself, with a somewhat violent attempt at a *négligé* attitude, into the largest chair, and lolls back in laughing delight and intense satisfaction at the display made by the coloured gentleman. The others are household drudges, so they even now occupy subordinate positions. We suspect the damsel with the broom is secretly a little smitten with the sable countenance of Sambo; as to the regard of the lady's-maid, that is of course mere flirtation and vanity, which only exercises itself on that object for lack of a better one: she would never "demean" herself by an attachment for a coloured person, even were he as honest a fellow as the individual before us seems to be a conceited rascal. The pet lap-dog, not accustomed to the wearer of those clothes having so dark a countenance, or to the dark countenance so bedizened, is somewhat at a loss to decide whether Sambo in his master's clothes is his master, or only Sambo.

Henri Schlesinger must not be confounded with the artist whose picture of the "Shipwreck" we engraved some months ago (No. 49), taking our subject from the Crystal-Palace Exhibition. That painter's name was Felix Schlesinger; this, Henri, is a distinguished painter of *genre* pictures, a German by birth, but connected with the French school by constantly exhibiting his productions in Paris, where his reputation is considerable. The present picture is now exhibiting in the Exhibition of the Works of French Artists in Pall Mall.

L. L.





MASTERS ARE OUT. BY HENRI SCHLESINGER.



16 JU 58



## SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN RUSSIA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

## No. I. JOURNALISM.\*

AMONG the numerous accredited errors on the subject of Russia, one of the most remarkable is that which exists in England with regard to the diffusion of the French language throughout the empire. Many otherwise well-informed Englishmen imagine that Russian is spoken in Russia merely as Irish is spoken in Ireland, or Flemish in Belgium, and that French is the ordinary medium of communication between all persons possessing the slightest pretensions to education. The English tourist who arrives at St. Petersburg, and finds to his astonishment that the custom-house officers neither search his person, nor confiscate his "Murray," nor "crumple up" his shirts, as Mr. Cobden would say, is almost equally surprised at their utter inability to understand French. This surprise changes into annoyance, or even alarm, when neither the *isvos-tehik*, who takes possession of him and puts him on to a *droshky*, nor the first, second, or third person he accosts in the street, nor any of the dealers or customers in any of the shops along the Quai, are able to understand a word he says, let him speak either French, German, or, as a last resource, English. The sensible *isvos-tehik*, if left to himself, will soon release the traveller from his difficulty by driving him to a German hotel (in Russia all foreigners are Germans, as formerly in England all foreigners were Frenchmen); and the German hotel-keeper will in all probability speak not only French, but English into the bargain. Otherwise, to imagine that in any part of Russia a knowledge of French will enable you to find your way about the streets, or to purchase a pound of tea or a quire of paper, is to cherish an illusion which experience will very quickly dispel. Doubtless French is spoken *better* in Russia than in any other country except France; and there are some Russian authors, such as Tegoborski, Herzen, and Oulibisheff (the biographer of Mozart and the detractor of Beethoven), who write, as circumstances appear to demand, either in Russian or in French; but it must be remembered, that each of the authors we have named has also published works in German; and it may be safely stated, that in all those houses in which French is the habitual language of the drawing-room, the younger members of the family at least have also a sufficient knowledge of German or English, if not of both. In other words, the upper classes of society in Russia pay great attention to the study of English, German, and especially of French, which is always spoken at the court; but the vast majority of the population know no language but their own.

One thing which would render it impossible, even if it were desired, to perpetuate the tradition of the French language among the Russian hereditary aristocracy,—a class which numbers about 150,000,—is the democratic character of the institution of nobility in Russia. An officer who has gained his regiment, a civil functionary who has attained the *tehnin*, or rank

of councillor of state,—though they be the sons of foreigners, of merchants, perhaps even of liberated serfs,—are, politically speaking, on an equality with the Demidoffs and the Dologroukis. They may become the proprietors of estates and of serfs attached to them, which, with a lower grade in the service, they could neither purchase nor inherit; and their sons, if they enter the army, will receive their first commission after two years' service in the ranks. On the other hand, if a descendant of Ruric neglected to attain the first *tehnin* in the government service,—either as an officer, a civil functionary, an artist of the academy, or a member of the university,—and if his son were guilty of a similar omission, then the grandson would have lost all his rights, and would be in a lower position than a soldier who has gained a medal; for a man who wears a decoration cannot be struck, whereas a private individual who has not taken government rank is liable, for certain offences, to corporal punishment.

A Russian would be amused to find it gravely stated in an English periodical that the business of the Russian nation is actually transacted in the native tongue, and that even the newspapers are not written either in French or German. We feel it necessary, however, to impress both these facts, especially the latter, on our readers, who, from continually seeing allusions in the English journals to the *Invalide Russe*, the *Abeille du Nord*, and the *Moskauer Zeitung*, may imagine that the *Russian Invalid*, the *Northern Bee*, and the *Moscow News* are not published in the Russian language, whereas they certainly never appeared in any other. We may at the same time remark, that the trifling blunders committed by our editors with respect to the titles of the St. Petersburg and Moscow newspapers are significant as showing a complete ignorance of the life, language, and literature of the Russian nation.

The error respecting the universality of the French tongue in Russia appears to have met with some encouragement from our own tourists, who, finding that their Russian acquaintances always addressed them in French, concluded that that was the only language they could speak. A man who remains but a few weeks in Russia, and during that time goes only into what is called "good society," may possibly come away with the sincere conviction that French is the habitual language of a considerable portion of the inhabitants; but let him attempt to order a dinner at a *trak-tir's*, or to purchase a pair of boots or a hat, or any thing except bread, which he may procure at a German baker's, or gloves and perfumery, which, if he happen to be at Moscow or St. Petersburg, he may buy from a Frenchman; let him, above all, enter a theatre or the news-room of a club,—and he will soon find out whether Russian is or is not the language of Russia. In the army and navy the word of command is certainly not given in a foreign language; and although in the regiments of the line there are a number of officers who, in the words of a celebrated Russian comedy, "have small waists and even speak French tolerably," the majority of them, whatever may be the dimensions of their waists, have but a scanty acquaintance with the language of Vauban. In the innumerable government offices, too, no language but Russian

\* 1. *The Contemporary*. 1854-1856. St. Petersburg.  
 2. *The Library for General Reading*. 1856. St. Petersburg.  
 3. *National Annals*. 1856. St. Petersburg.  
 4. *The Russian Messenger*. 1856-7. Moscow and St. Petersburg.



is spoken; and it is in the national tongue that the clerks thank you for the inevitable "gratuity" they will extort in return for the smallest service performed, or even promised and not performed.

But if French be not the habitual language of either the middle or the upper portions of Russian society in the present day, we may mention by way of memorandum, that the educated classes scarcely spoke any other in the time of Catherine, and, as nearly as we can judge, until about the end of the reign of Alexander. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century Russia had no literature, if we except some national songs and records, such as the poem of Igor, and the chronicles of Nestor,—the oldest that exist in any modern tongue. Lomonosoff is spoken of as the Malherbe of the Russian language; but his style is also described as being full of Slavonianisms; and the Russians of the present day, who are unable to read his poems without some difficulty, regard Karamsin as the author who first established the language on its natural basis, after which it underwent a purifying process in the hands of Poushkin. Now Karamsin was the contemporary and friend of Alexander, as Poushkin was the contemporary, though not so much the friend, of Nicholas: nevertheless, the stories which have been circulated in England and France about the death of the great Russian poet are quite without foundation. Poushkin was shot in a duel by his brother-in-law Dantès, a Frenchman, serving in the Imperial Horse Guards; but he had received numerous favours from the Emperor Nicholas, and on his death-bed was consoled by the assurance that his family should be provided for at the expense of the crown.

The constant use of the French language, which was so desirable at the commencement of Catherine's reign, when Russia had no literature of her own, became an absurdity and an affectation in the time of Alexander, when the Russians had translated all the best literature of France and England, and when they had plenty of admirable writers in their native tongue. Accordingly Karamsin, in his *Travels*, attacked this silly custom nearly sixty years since. One would have thought that the invasion of 1812, followed by the march from Moscow to Paris, would, by rousing the patriotism of the nation, have led them to forswear every kind of French imitation. Doubtless some such effect was produced; though in Griboiedoff's comedy, written ten years afterwards, we still find that the most inviting mark for the arrows of a Russian satirist, is the love of his countrymen, and above all, of his countrywomen, for every thing that is French.

Even the invasion of the Crimea acted as a powerful stimulant to the national feeling. This was seen in the adoption of the *sarafan* (the old Russian dress) by ladies at evening parties; in the Shchogoleff earrings, formed out of four microscopic cannon-balls, suggestive of the four guns with which the daring artillery-officer, after whom they are named, is supposed to have kept off the whole of the allied fleet at Odessa (vide *Charivari*, 1854); in the long gray jackets, imitated from the soldiers' coats, which were worn by the little boys and girls, and in the complete uniforms in which many of the boys were clad. However, the total abolition of the French language as a medium of communication between Russians can never be

brought about by a mere excess of patriotism; nor can satire accomplish it, though satire may aid it. The pitiable custom in accordance with which a small fraction of the community speak, well or ill, a language which the remainder are unable to understand, and which thus, in the midst of a united and powerful empire, produces the semblance of two nations, can only yield to one influence,—that of an important national literature; and the effect of this influence is clearly visible, if only in the education of the children of the present generation, who in all the government gymnasiums are regularly instructed in the language and literature of their country.

It is true that at the present day, in St. Petersburg—the window through which Russia is said to look out upon Europe—one French and one German newspaper are still published. But the German sheet is printed for the exclusive benefit of the numerous German residents, while the *Journal de St. Petersburg* is little more than a collection of official notifications, which in many cases have appeared the day before in the *Police Journal*, and which are reproduced in French because in the original they would be unintelligible to foreigners. It also gives court-news, lists of persons who have been decorated, and similar uninteresting information. During the coronation, this journal, we must admit, allowed itself the luxury of a special correspondent in Moscow; but in his first letter the enraptured contributor declared that the sight of so much splendour had completely overpowered him, and that he must decline, for the present, to say any thing at all about the subject which he had been sent specially to report.

Indeed, journalism, as we understand it in England, scarcely exists in Russia. A Russian journal is as inferior to an ordinary French journal as the best newspaper in France is to the *Times*. The Russians know this themselves, for they read the *Times*, and translate its articles. Thus the review which the "leading journal" gave of Mrs. Stowe's *Dred* was translated and printed in a St. Petersburg magazine within a few weeks of its publication in London. Indeed, it is the magazines and reviews that form the strength of what is called "journalism" in Russia; and many families that subscribe to no newspaper at all receive regularly, twice a month, the *National Annals* or the *Russian Messenger*, which, like the other reviews mentioned at the head of this article, publish in each number a retrospect of the political and literary events of the preceding fortnight. These reviews are as large as our Quarterlies, with the exception of the *Contemporary*, which is nearly double the size, and which appears only once a month. The subscription to each of them is 15 roubles a year, about 2*l.* 10*s.*, or 2*s.* a copy. Now, even in England, a large number of a review of the dimensions we have stated would have to be sold in order merely to cover the expenses; but in Russia, where paper and printing cost nearly double what they do with us, the sale of these periodicals must be enormous. "Nowhere except in England," says Mr. Herzen, "has the influence of reviews been so great as in Russia. It is, in fact, the best form for spreading light through a vast country. The *Telegraph*, the *Moscow Messenger*, the *Telescope*, the *Library for General Reading*, the



*National Annals*, and their natural son the *Contemporary*, without reference to their very different tendencies, have circulated an immense amount of information, notions, and ideas during the last twenty-five years. They have rendered it possible for the inhabitants of Omsk and Tobolsk to read the novels of Dickens or George Sand two months after their publication in London or Paris. The fact of their appearing periodically has, moreover, the advantage of rousing indolent readers.\*

One difficulty which is inseparable from any attempt to make a chapter on contemporary Russian reviews interesting to the English public, is found in the fact that most English readers know nothing either of Russian authors who are dead, nor of those who are living, nor, indeed, that there are any living Russian authors at all. Even Karamsin's History has never been translated into English; and his Travels, which were translated (from a German edition) more than half a century ago, are now out of print. Nothing of Poushkin's has appeared in English,—if we except a mutilated version of the *Queen of Spades*, of which the source was unacknowledged, and which Poushkin himself would have been the first to disavow. Gogol has been treated in a similar fashion; that is to say, a charming little tale of his, with rather an untranslatable title (which, however, signifies as nearly as possible "a couple of the olden time"), after being "adapted" from the French was subjected to the Procrustean operation, so as to bring it within the limits of an article in a penny paper. Lermontoff has met with a somewhat better fate in England. His poetry, like that of Poushkin, is utterly unknown; but those who may wish to read his *Hero of our own Time*, can obtain a very spirited English translation of the French rendering of the German version of the Russian original. We shall have finished the list of Russian poets, novelists, and dramatists belonging to the present century who have been heard of in England, when we have mentioned the name of Griboiedoff. The translation of that author's *Gore of Ouma* has been executed very conscientiously (but not elegantly) by a compatriot named Benardaky. What an advantage it would be if some of those Russian gentlemen at present resident in London, who write books in English on the subject of Russia, would imitate Mr. Benardaky's example, and, forgetting for a time their tirades against absolutism, and their anecdotes about the Emperor Nicholas, would occupy themselves with translating some of the masterpieces of their country's literature! In speaking of the authors, they could omit biographical details; otherwise any fair account of the lives of Karamsin, Kriloff, Poushkin, Joukovsky, Gogol, or Griboiedoff—six of the most eminent writers the last half century produced—would at once disprove their favourite theory about the persecution of intellectual superiority in Russia. Writers of seditious pamphlets and songs, and chiefs of conspiracies, are punished in Russia, as Wilkes and Horne Tooke were pilloried, as Leigh Hunt was imprisoned, as Mitchell was sentenced to transportation, and as Thistlewood was executed in England. It is true that Thistlewood was not a poet; but if he had written *Paradise Lost* or *Hamlet*, it is doubtful whether even that would have saved him from the scaffold. In the present day,

\* *Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie*, par A. Herzen.

the number of persons living in England, who either have been, or certainly would be, driven out of every other country in Europe, sufficiently proves the liberality of our institutions; but look abroad, and it will be impossible to deny that Russia—as Mr. Herzen so well observes—does not terminate at the frontier, and that it extends over all the continent. Victor Hugo and Freiligrath can testify that Russia is not the only country which will not tolerate hostile criticism of the State. On the other hand, as the Russian empire is governed more in accordance with the general wishes of the people than any other of the nations which are ruled despotically, there is far less chance of persecution there than in countries which are split up into parties, or, as in the case of Austria, into distinct nationalities. Certainly the writers for the Russian reviews are not aware that they are incurring any danger in placing themselves conspicuously before the public; for scarcely one of them omits to sign the poem, tale, or criticism which he contributes.

The first thing that we remark in the Russian reviews, is the great attention they pay to English literature. The most popular of our works of fiction are translated; and those books which even at home are not too generally read, and which in France and Germany have scarcely been heard of, are made the subjects of long notices. The next feature that strikes us is the thoroughly English—that is to say, positive—style of the contents, in which we find no frivolous feuilletonism, no unnatural romance, and at the same time no mysticism, nor sentimentalism; but novels and tales founded upon observation, sketches of character, satire of officials, and of various kinds of governmental abuses, articles on the resources of the country, on its early history, and on its future development.

Let us see what the *Contemporary*, one of the best of the four reviews we have selected for examination, was publishing during the first year of the war.

In their address to the subscribers at the end of the twelvemonth, the editors, Nekrassoff and Panaeff, state that, owing to the all-absorbing interest of political affairs, they had been prepared for a considerable falling-off in the number of their subscribers. These anticipations, however, had happily not been fulfilled; and the editors, while thanking the readers for their continued sympathy and support, regarded the success of their journal under such adverse circumstances as an indication that literature was no longer taken up as an occasional amusement in Russia, but that its study had now become an indispensable necessity.

Among the novels and tales that had appeared during the year were the following:

- The Two Friends. By Tourgeynieff.
- Bleak House. By Charles Dickens.
- Moumounia. By Tourgeynieff.
- The Poor Girl. By Panaeff.
- Mrs. Perkins's Ball. By Thackeray.
- Fanfaron: a Specimen of one of our own Snobs. By Pisemsky.
- Memoirs of a Cavalry Officer during the Turkish War of 1828.
- A Journey to Paris: being Two Chapters from the Paris Sketch-book. By Thackeray.
- The Adventures of Major Gahagan. By Thackeray.
- Experiments with Russian Snobs. By Panaeff.
- Men of Character. By Douglas Jerrold.



The contributions of verse are very numerous, as might be expected in Russia, where, if we except Gogol, all the really great writers in the *belles lettres* are poets. It would be useless to mention the authors who had distinguished themselves in this department; but with regard to two of them,—Nekrassoff, the editor, and Count Tolstoi, who has a double reputation as a poet and a writer of prose,—we shall have to say a few words hereafter. We must not omit to state, that two unpublished poems by Lermontoff, together with an extract from one of his letters, had found their way to the pages of the *Contemporary*.

The list of biographical, critical, and scientific articles includes:

The Life and Dramatic Works of R. B. Sheridan. By Droujinin.

Delvig.\* By Gaevsky.

Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists. By a Provincial Subscriber.

Attempt at a Biography of Gogol (with forty unpublished letters). By N. M.

Souvenirs of Gogol, recalled by the "Attempt at a Biography." By Longenoff.

Two Articles on the Novels and Tales relating to the Working Classes.

Three Articles on the present Position of Turkey.

Life and Death of the last Ruler of Montenegro. By Kavalevsky.†

On the Sincerity of contemporary Criticism.

The warlike Deeds of the Don Cossacks against the Khan of the Crimea and Pougatcheff the Pretender in the years 1773 and 1774.

Works on the Russian Language published in 1853. By Zernina.

Byzantine Portraits: the Emperor Basil I., the Macedonian. By Zernina.

Gerard Frederic Muller. By Salavieff.

Makaroff and his Journal the *Moscow Mercury*. By Gennade.

Travels in the Polar Regions and along the Coast of White Russia. By Shpelevsky.

The editors, in conclusion, state, that they have long been endeavouring to improve the critical portion of their journal, and that they believe they have now to some extent succeeded in doing so. In the mean while, the *Contemporary* will continue to criticise the other periodicals, and invites criticism in return. The prospectus for the ensuing year (the ninth of the journal's existence) promises, in addition to tales, novels, &c., articles on all new Russian books as they are published, and remarks on the contents of the Russian journals by the "new poet," &c.

The "new poet" is Panaeff, the joint-editor with Nekrassoff. That journals should write about a new poet appears natural enough; but that a poet, new or old, should write about journals will strike the reader as somewhat strange. We have explained, however, that, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, what are called journals are for the most part large reviews; while as regards the "new poet," we must state, that in the more important of the articles bearing that signature Panaeff justifies the *nom de plume* which he affixes to all his critical contributions by the introduction of epigrams and fables, and of verses written in contemptuous imitation of the victim he happens to have selected. He is, in fact, the satirical writer of the re-

view. For some time the identity of Panaeff and the new poet remained a secret; but it is now understood that the editor is the "new poet" whenever he wishes to indulge in criticism, and that he becomes Panaeff again to write sketches of society and tales. Panaeff wrote an excellent article on Thackeray's *Snob Papers*, which he concluded by pointing out certain Russian snobs, who were only waiting to be dissected. Soon afterwards he commenced his *Experiments with Russian Snobs*, No. 1 being "The Snob of the Great World." This author does not despatch a snob in a single paper, but tells a tale about each; so that his sketches are not imitated, even as to form, from Thackeray's admirable book. Our readers will not be able to pronounce it, but they may feel interested in seeing that the Russian word for "snob" is *khlishch*.

It will be observed, that four years ago, before the *Miscellanies* were published, the editors of the *Contemporary* had been looking up Thackeray's early writings in *Frazer's Magazine*, and had even laid the *Paris Sketch-book* under contribution. *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*, were translated as they appeared; and we believe the Russians can now read in their own language every thing that Mr. Thackeray has written, with the exception perhaps of the *Irish Sketch-book*, the local colouring of which—as the St. Petersburg reviews have a large circulation in Siberia, and penetrate even to the confines of China,—might fail to be appreciated by many of the subscribers. Indeed, of the O'Mulligan's humour one would think a great deal must have been lost before that amusing Irishman who lived "over there" reached even so far east as Nijni-Novgorod. But M. Oulibisheff will tell us that Nijni has its Opera and its Philharmonic Society; and of course there are balls and polkas and suppers and intruders in Russia as in England, and we believe there are even Irishmen,—at all events there are Poles. Thanks too to the completeness of Mr. Thackeray's characters, they must lose less than those of any other novelist in translation. The picturesque personages of Mr. Dickens's fictions, with their highly characteristic language, cannot but suffer even in the hands of the most skilful translator; but his vivid descriptions, on the other hand, can be appreciated in Russian almost as well as in English, and there is an amount of natural feeling and humour in all his books which not even a French translator could destroy, and which a Russian would be sure not to injure.\*

Of the anonymous "provincial subscriber" who contributes a review of Mr. Thackeray's lectures we know nothing; but Pisemski, who writes *Fanfaron*, a *Specimen of one of our own Snobs*, has produced several comedies, and has gained a great reputation by his novels and sketches of peasant-life.

Tourgeynieff, the author of *The Two Friends*, *Moumounia*, &c., is probably the most popular living writer in Russia. In England he is not known. In France he is known by an imperfect, incorrect translation of his *Memoirs of a Sportsman*, published three years since, under the title of *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*. We have not seen this translation; but Tourgeynieff denounced it himself last year in the pages of the *Con-*

\* Baron Delvig was the schoolfellow and intimate friend of Poushkin, and was associated with him in the editorship of a literary journal.

† This writer has just been appointed Minister of Public Instruction.

\* We never had the courage to look at a French translation of one of Mr. Dickens's works; but in the French version of *Vanity Fair*, "the century was in its teens" is rendered by "le siècle était dans les larmes."



temporary as an absurd imposition, in which nothing of the original could be recognised. One of Tourgeynieff's most admired books was written as a corrective to Lermontoff's *Hero of our own Time*, which enjoyed a Werther-like success during the years succeeding its first publication. His work on the writings of Gogol,—who had devoted a large portion of his life to the branding of corrupt officials,—was refused a license by the censor; but Tourgeynieff published it all the same, and thus incurred the penalty of exile, from which he was only saved by the personal intercession of the Grand Duke Alexander, now Alexander II.

Nekrassoff, the other editor of the *Contemporary*, confines himself to the composition of verse. A volume of his collected poems,—of which many referred to subjects of the day,—was published with success last year in St. Petersburg; but it was rumoured that a second edition would not be permitted by the censorship. It is right to add, that this rumour was soon afterwards ascribed to the booksellers, who sometimes spread, or at all events profit by the circulation of such reports, in order to have a pretext for selling their books at double or treble the marked price.

Next to Tourgeynieff, the most successful writer of the day in Russia is certainly Gregorovitch. Like Tourgeynieff, like Pisemsky, and like another writer named Dahl (whose talent is chiefly comic), Gregorovitch loves to relate the life of the Russian peasants. This author has great descriptive talents. He has none of these broad rapid touches by means of which Poushkin (as in the opening of the *Gipsies*) paints a whole scene in a few lines. On the contrary, he delights in detail; and in one of his tales, which opens in the streets of St. Petersburg on a winter's night, we have the crunching of the sledges on the snow, the howling of the wind, the red noses, the various kinds of furs, and a number of other minute particulars which altogether form an admirable picture. After leaving the university, Gregorovitch served in the engineers; but soon left the army, in consequence, it is said, of a reprimand from the commander-in-chief of the Guard. He then entered the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts, where he studied under the late Brouloff,—a painter of genius, but who, in his best-known pictures, is no more Russian than Poussin was French, and who will therefore never found a school. Then, abandoning art, he lived for many years in the country; and afterwards turned his experience and his pictorial faculty to account by describing the rural life of Russia. His most celebrated work is *Anton Goremyka* (from *gore*, grief), of which the hero may be to some extent considered the Uncle Tom of Russian serfdom: he is ill-treated, forced into crime, and then exiled. We must also state, that Tourgeynieff's *Moumounia* turns on the misery of a faithful all-suffering serf who has a cruel master. Each of these books has two morals: first, that it is infamous to ill-treat slaves; secondly, that slavery is an infamous institution.

Gregorovitch, with Count Tolstoi (one of the poetical contributors to the *Contemporary*), appears to form the chief support of the review entitled *The Library for General Reading*. The following is the list of articles which appeared in the Number for January 1st, 1857:

1. Translation from Horace (*Carmen Seculare*).
2. Verses. By Maikoff, Count Tolstoi, and others.

3. Translation from André Chénier. By Count Tolstoi.
4. Relations in the Capital. By Gregorovitch.
5. The Strolling Player: a tale from the Polish. By Krashevski.
6. Sunny Recollections of Foreign Lands. By H. B. Stowe.
7. Bakhtchiserai; a Fragment from a Traveller's Notebook. By Berg.
8. Women's Talk. By Shcherbina.
9. History of Greece. By George Grote.
10. The Rise of the Netherlands. By John Lothrop Motley.

Independently of the three reviews of English works, the Number contains notices of the *Sketches of Peasant-Life*, by Pisemsky (of whom we have already spoken); of the *Report of the Alexandrovsky Lyceum for 1857* (with remarks on the moral and physical education of children in Russia); and of a recent translation into Russian verse of Sophocles' *Antigone*.

Of such works as Grote's *History of Greece* and Motley's *History of the Rise of the Netherlands* we certainly should not have expected to hear in Russia, which, it will be observed, receives our literature direct from England. Indeed many of the English books with which translators and reviewers have rendered the Russian public familiar are totally unknown in France, and nearly so in Germany. It will be observed, that by English books we mean books written in the English language, whether executed by Englishmen or by Americans.

Let us now examine the Number of *National Annals* for the first fortnight of January 1857.

1. Poems. By various Authors.
2. The Portrait Gallery; a Novel. By Dankoffski.
3. Pictures of Russian Life. By Dahl.
4. Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens.
5. Bogdan Khmelutski: an Episode from the History of Poland.
6. A Day in Paris. By Stachel.
7. Sketches of Russian Life in the 18th Century. By Zabelin.
8. Criticism and Bibliography.

Under the head of "Criticism and Bibliography" we find notices of the following new publications:

- Novels and Tales. By Tourgeynieff.
- Ancient Russian Chronicles. Edited by Soutchomlenoff.
- Almanacs for 1857.
- Kieff and its Ancient Seminary. By Askotchenski.
- Life of Plato, the Metropolitan. By Snegereff.
- New Guide from Moscow to the Troitsa (the celebrated Monastery of the Holy Trinity).
- Memoirs of the St. Petersburg Mineral Society.
- Text-book of Vegetable Chemistry.
- Family Chronicles. By Aksatoff.

The last-mentioned work is a very remarkable production. The writer treats of serfdom, attacks proprietors for neglecting their peasants, and adduces instances of ill-treatment which have come within his own knowledge. The book also contains the author's reminiscences of his early life and education, with strictures on certain defects in the present mode of educating children in Russia.

The ninth article in the review is devoted to the political future of England, and to a consideration of M. de Montalembert's work published under that title.

Vladimir Dahl, the author of article No. 3, has long enjoyed a reputation as a writer of short tales,



which are generally comic, and always strikingly national. He narrates admirably; and although there is no descriptive writing in his stories, he nevertheless leaves a very distinct impression on the reader's mind of every character he introduces. Like Gogol, the father of Russian prose fiction, and like Tourgeynieff, Gregorovitch, and Pisemski in the present day, Dahl is eminently truthful. His judges take bribes; he calls a spade a spade, and a Cossack a thief. In this truthfulness of the modern writers lies the hope of Russian literature, and perhaps even of Russia itself. If Gogol's celebrated comedy, and his great narrative work the *Dead Souls*, bring to light an amount of corruption which the worst enemy of Russia would scarcely have believed to exist in that empire, it is at all events satisfactory to know that it *has* seen the light, and that the country and the government dare to look the evil in the face; for being recognised, it is evident that it must be crushed, or that it will crush Russia.

It has been seen from the contents of three of the Russian reviews that, even during the reign of Nicholas, the question which pre-occupied Russian authors, and therefore Russian readers, and, in short, all thinking persons in the empire, was the position of the serfs. If we are to accept the pictures of the Russian novelists or social chronicles as true, the serfs must be well worthy of their liberty. The writers are themselves proprietors, and ought to know. The present emperor is notoriously in favour of the abolition of serfdom; and his predecessor appears to have entertained similar views as regards *this* subject. At all events, Nicholas ameliorated the condition of the peasant in many important respects. How does it happen, then, that with no serious opposition of any magnitude to fear, the emperor still abstains from liberating the serfs of the entire empire? The fact is, there is something which the peasant fears far more than his master, more even than the most exacting and tyrannical German steward, namely, the oppression and extortion of the government officials; unless the liberation of the serfs be preceded by some very extensive administrative and legal reforms, the peasant, when he is set free, will be in about as enviable a position as the pigeons that are "liberated" in the shooting-ground of the Red House. In Russia, law instead of being a protection is a terror. Even in the capitals the *quartalny*, or commissary of police, is a mere Tartar, enforcing contributions from every tradesman who has a sign over his shop, every proprietor of a place of entertainment, and generally from all who need his sanction or assistance. If you have been robbed once, do not get robbed twice by going to the police-office with a complaint. If you even recognise the thief, do not give him into custody, or he may force you to commence an interminable prosecution, from which you will be glad to escape by paying both the accidental thief who has robbed you in private and the habitual ones who plunder you almost publicly. In civil processes, thanks to secret tribunal, and documentary evidence, the law is equally powerless, or powerful only for evil. And if rich citizens in St. Petersburg and Moscow have to submit to the exactions of petty officials, what would be the position of poor unprotected peasants left to struggle against their rapacity alone?

But Russian officialism and its multifarious abuses

cannot be done justice to in a few sentences, nor even in an entire article. Suffice it for the present to say, that it has suggested to a writer named Shchedrin\* a series of papers which appear, or did appear, every fortnight in the *Russian Messenger*, under the title of "Provincial Sketches," and which soon gained for its author the reputation of being one of the most just, and therefore one of the severest, satirists who had appeared in Russia. The propriety and necessity of liberating the serfs being now recognised, Shchedrin's articles possess more actual value than those which continue to treat of the condition of the peasant.

Shchedrin's contributions to the *Messenger* also mark the change which has taken place in Russian journalism since the accession of the present emperor. Such articles would not have been tolerated during the last reign; for though the Emperor Nicholas was certainly not the tyrant we generally suppose him to have been (there are limits in all things), it must be remembered that the revolt which broke out on the occasion of his accession was headed by officers, of whom one was a great poet, while the others were either actively engaged in literature, or at all events literary by inclination and study. To ignore this in speaking of the late emperor's treatment of authors and journalists, may appear very liberal, but it is scarcely just. Louis Napoleon, before banishing the Hugos, ought perhaps to have reflected that it was Victor Hugo himself who, under Louis Philippe, protested against the continued exile of the Napoleon family; but the Emperor Nicholas had no such debt of gratitude to any of the writers of his period. The Emperor Alexander II., however, has had literary sympathies from his youth; and we have already mentioned that it was through his intercession the most popular Russian writer of the present day was saved from exile. His preceptor was Joukovski, the translator of Homer, and of innumerable English and German poets, and the author of the *Minstrel in the Russian Camp*, one of the most spirited poems in the Russian language. Doubtless to the influence of such a teacher—who was the intimate friend of Poushkin, Kriloff, and all the most eminent writers of his time—may be attributed much of the liberal disposition of the present emperor. This disposition has manifested itself since his accession in various ways; among others, in some important educational reforms, and especially in the increased liberty accorded to the productions of the press.

The *Russian Messenger*, which has been started during the present reign, introduces us to two writers whose names are not met with among the contributors to the other reviews: Shchedrin, already mentioned, and Koudryatseff, the professor of history in the Moscow University. Tourgeynieff and Count Tolstoi having completed their respective engagements with the *Contemporary*, had promised contributions to the new magazine, and we believe that it was in the *Russian Messenger* that Count Tolstoi's tale of the interior of Sebastopol during the siege afterwards appeared. From the prospectus for 1857 it appears that many of the writers are going abroad, profiting by the new law which fixes the price of a foreign passport at thirty shillings once and for all, instead of forty or fifty

\* The *shch* looks very difficult; but we pronounce it easily enough in "parish church;" and it is more difficult, by a *t*, to say "smasht china."





THE EASTERN MOTHER. BY MISS M. GILLIES.

MATERNAL affection is not confined to the East or the West, but our artists like to vary the monotony of costume by occasionally diverging from the home-path; accordingly Miss Gillies goes to the indefinite East for her accessories, and presents us with a work illustrative of that human feeling which is common to all the world, and appeals to every mother and every child, in the simple humanity and naturalness of its idea. Our modern artists no more paint pictures of the Holy Family or the Virgin and Child, Protestantism bars the very suspicion of Mariolatry; so the expression of maternal love which existed in the representation of mingled divine and human love in that class of works, is now to be found in the obvious and simple humanity of pictures of the class before us.—a simple mother, with her child, embracing each other in happy faith, which a slight change of costume might convert into an expression of the artist's idea of the Virgin and Child. It is really strange how humanity finds expression for its feelings even under

a symbol. The Virgin and Child in later times, when the influence of religion on art had become null, was nothing more than the expression of maternal love; and it is to this that the mothers of the South to this day do homage. It was a keen thought of Michelet's when he remarked this, and opened thereby a whole flood of light upon the religion and religious mysticism of the middle ages.

Miss Gillies has entered into her subject with a sort of feminine zest, a feeling which only a woman would experience in full intensity; therefore we get the fitness and truth of the expression of infantile affection for a mother in the close clinging embrace of the child, and the pressure of the hand of the mother, who thus responds to the child's fervid expression of regard. There is a good deal of prettiness as well as simple natural emotion about the design of this little work, which does the artist considerable credit. The picture is now exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours in Pall Mall. L. L.

pounds a year. Thus Koudryatseff, after finishing a life of Charles V., starts for foreign parts; and in the first of the January Numbers describes his travelling impression, from Berlin to Vienna. The same Number contains an article on Faraday and his discoveries; and from other papers on photography and engraving, it would appear that scientific subjects meet with more attention in this than in the three other re-

views. In the last Numbers for 1856, we find a translation into Russian verse of Crabbe's *Parish Register*, accompanied by a note which refers the reader to the *Contemporary* for a critical paper on the English poet's works. The life and career of Sir R. Peel are also treated of in a series of articles, and an instalment of Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South* brings a translation of that work nearly to a conclusion.



## CROOKED STICKS.

EVERY one knows the old story of the pretty maid who was sent out to choose a stick in the wood,—how hard she was to please; how she rejected one because it was too thick, and another because it was too thin; how this was tabooed because too bare, and that because too leafy; how one was smooth, and that would never do for her, and another was rough, and she hated rough sticks,—how, in a word, none were straight enough, none handsome or perfect enough for her dainty fingers; and finally, when her fate landed her at the outskirts of the wood, how she was fain to pick up a wretched, mean, shabby, crooked stick, not half so good as any of those she had rejected not ten minutes ago.

I was thinking the other day what an exact epitome this story is of the ways and doings of half of us in this grasping, dissatisfied old world of ours. How many of us go through the wood turning up our noses, and kicking really very presentable and good-looking sticks out of our way, who are glad enough at last to light our fire with the most unpromising young sapling, or the toughest old gnarled crabstick ever seen: how the rejected past avenges itself on the accepted present, and we are made to mourn what we have refused chiefly by our grief at what we have chosen. I thought of all this, looking round on my circle of friends, and noting what a ghastly heap of crooked sticks they all held in their hands, while such fine wands lay on the ground behind them.

For instance, there are my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Dolus, with their new house. Well, Dolus and Mrs. D. spared neither time nor expense in looking for this new house. They were months about it; rushing through London in cabs or broughams,—according to the locality,—to the infinite damage of their joint resources, and the great hindrance of Dolus's professional labours. They advertised, too, as every letter in the alphabet, and at every possible locality,—at Dolus's place of business; at friendly lodgings; at their own private residence; at the butcher's and the grocer's, the public-house at the corner and the stationer's in the next street. Hundreds of answers came—a great many of them sent by the same people; for the change of initials and address was quite a trap to the unhappy householders on the look-out for tenants; and the Doluses visited almost all the places for which "cards to view" were sent. Some of them were really capital houses, and some of them decided bargains,—not many, it must be confessed; which ought to have given even greater value to those which were so. One of the bargains was a roomy old rabbit-warren at Kew,—the very thing for my friends, with their large family and multitudinous boxes; but Mrs. Dolus didn't like the pattern of the drawing-room carpet, and Mr. Dolus said the back garden was defectively arranged, and both said that Kew was damp. Then there was really a charming place on Hampstead Heath; a quaint, irregular, coquettish little house, full of all sorts of pleasant availabilities: but the drawing-room was low; the paint on the street-door was knocked off; a closet in one of the bedrooms had a musty smell; and again, the paucity

of garden turned the scale. So the Doluses depreciated the property to the landlord, turned up their noses at the charming little house, and drove away, sublime in the consciousness of critical taste and the power of rejection. The next they heard of was a perfect gem,—the man in charge called it a "beedjou,"—down on the outskirts of Kensington. "All country beyond," said the man, pointing with a flourish of his hand to a waste enclosure, marked into "lots" and white with lime. The house itself was certainly delightful,—compact, new, clean, and quite recently furnished,—and with a conservatory. Mrs. Dolus lifted up her saturnine countenance and smiled; Mr. Dolus did the same, saying, "I can smoke out the green-fly" in a jocose manner that was really quite touching. They were hard put to it to find a flaw in the "beedjou;" but they managed somehow. The back kitchen was too dark, and the "reception-rooms" were too small,—albeit, when the folding-doors were open, they were of very respectable concrete size; while, though the bedrooms were singularly pleasant,—"Yes, certainly pleasant," said Mrs. Dolus,—yet the dressing-room of the largest was non-communicating, and that fact was fatal. The Doluses, still searching for their impossible perfection, flung away this stick like the rest; and the little gem was passed over superbly. However, time pressed, and quarter-day was at hand. The landlord had let their present house, and the new-comer was treading on their heels. They had all but exhausted the "districts for ten miles round London;" *vide* advertisements; and now one only locality was left, which, being in Essex, they had resolved not to think of. "We might as well go down and see it, my love," sighed Mr. Dolus, two days before quarter-day. "It *can* do no harm," sighed Mrs. D., on her knees packing her stores. The Doluses were melancholy people, and often sighed in their talk. Accordingly they went, on a bright sunshiny day, after a satisfactory breakfast; and a little invisible imp of mischief went with them. A pond was before the house,—a green stagnant pond, invaluable to an investigator with a microscope, and teeming with infusoria. It lay in a hollow, a few feet from the garden-gate,—if, indeed, that could in justice be called a garden-gate which led into a plot not quite so large as a moderately-sized tablecloth, with a few primroses and sored wallflowers in the narrow, clayey, damp border round it. The house was small and dark, the rooms beamed and low, there was no back kitchen at all, and—misery to housekeepers!—neither copper nor boiler. The inventory was scant and shabby, the offices mean and incomplete; but the sun was shining, and the Doluses were in rather better spirits than usual; and the imp of mischief sat behind their ears, and waved its delusive hands before their eyes. They listened to all the advantages eloquently set forth by the philanthropic landlady, "not letting for self-interest, and anxious to oblige strangers;" they shut their eyes to the drawbacks; they sniffed up the country-air, and praised the scenery to each other. For it was in truth a very pretty neighbourhood, with woods and nightingales all round; "but," as Mrs. Dolus said afterwards, when she reproached her husband for their choice, and aggravated that unhappy man almost beyond his patience, "one doesn't live out in the



woods, nor hang up one's hams, nor boil one's kettle there; and a house with a kitchen that one's servants could do their work in respectably would have been better than all the stupid woods and nightingales in the world," sobbed Mrs. Dolus wrathfully. However, on this fatal day, Mr. Dolus, usually lynx-eyed, was a buzzard; nature was seen through a stereoscope with rose-coloured lenses; nothing that might have been accounted a disadvantage was discovered; the whole thing was pronounced exactly fitting to their purpose; and the house was taken. And the Doluses steamed back to London with a crooked stick in their hands that plagued them to death till they got rid of it.

Then there was Miss Letty Lightfoot, daughter to the solicitor of Crapstick, heiress to five thousand pounds, and one of the belles of the place. Lord, what airs that girl gave herself, to be sure! How she flouted and pouted and flounced and danced her way through *her* wood! and how she kicked every stick out of her path, with her head tossed on one side, and her little Roxalana nose in the air, as if she were the Queen of England herself, or a legendary princess at the very least! There was young Tom Truefit, as fine and brave a lad as ever walked her Majesty's quarter-deck, or took the odds of three to one in favour of his English fists, and beat; as he did at Taganrog, or some such outlandish place, in the late war, when three burly Cossacks set upon him, and were made to bite the dust in no time. Well, Tom Truefit was a kind of cousin of Miss Letty's, and cousinship led to something nearer on his side. As for her, she found fault with Tom's hands, and abused his dancing, and vowed she would never marry a sailor—never; for they smelt of tar, and gave themselves up to the iniquity of quids. And though honest Tom tried first to laugh, and then to reason, her out of her folly, nothing would do; the brave, handsome, loving sailor-cousin was flung aside; and Tom went back to sea a sadder man, if not a wiser one, for this his first venture on the treacherous waters of a woman's heart. Frank Graham, the portrait-painter, fared no better; not even his picturesque hair, nor his large bright eyes, that shone like stars and might have stood able interpreters for his tongue, could eventually soften Miss Letty. Certainly, she held him in her hand a little while, and seemed to hesitate and ponder; and poor Frank, boylike, took hope for certainty and delay for consolidation: for he loved Miss Letty, as Tom had done before him; and love is not quick to despair. He woke from his dream one dark, drizzly, November morning; his alarm being a pink, scented, unexceptionable note from Miss Letty, giving him his final answer—and his dismissal. The attorney's daughter twitched her flounces from the tender little twigs and branches which had caught her just by threads and shreds, and walked on disdainfully, saying to herself, "No; no third-rate artist for me, Miss Letty Lightfoot." But she sighed as she thought of the blue eyes of her artist-lover, and the bright brown hair, with the sunny gold upon its edges; and a small voice whispered to her very faintly, "Is there not something better than pride, Miss Letty Lightfoot?" Surely this next one would fix her. He was a Mr. Mountain, a man of wealth, of character, and of some literary position; and Miss Letty had always

affected writing-men; but he was of middle-age—"old," said Miss Letty, with the curl of her Roxalana nose that betokened a negative not too gently framed. However, Mr. Mountain dared his fate, and sued and formally proposed to the pretty Calypso of Crapstick, the siren of so many shipwrecked hearts; for he thought that, to be sure, one of the Mountain family would never be rejected by a little country-girl with only five thousand pounds and a flushed round cheek. But Miss Letty was not a bit under the influence of names; and Mr. Mountain, of Mountain Hall, fared no better than her own cousin Tom Truefit, with whose blood she could not well quarrel, or than Frank Graham, whose family was destitute of presentable grandfathers. Mr. Mountain was old; Mr. Mountain was ugly. He certainly was not handsome; but then, as Miss Letty had rejected young Tom's handsome face and Frank's ideal beauty, Mr. Mountain's want of personableness need not have been so much insisted on by her. And, after all, he was not really ugly; only a little worn and withered and lantern-jawed, with a heavy sprinkling of gray hairs among the rapidly-thinning black, and with marks about his eyes so deep, that surely they had been made by ravens' feet, not crows'. The combination, slight as it was, was yet too strong for Miss Letty; so Mr. Mountain was refused peremptorily, like the rest; though he pondered over the matter for full half a day, and at the end of it could not understand how the daughter of an attorney at Crapstick could possibly have rejected one of the Mountains of Mountain Hall.

Dr. Currie trod in the steps of his predecessors. He was a rising young physician, to whom, by the by, Miss Letty's five thousand pounds would have been of infinite service at this moment; though he was rapidly attaining both wealth and distinction. But Miss Letty said he was vulgar, because he called things by their right names—he had learnt that habit at the schools and hospitals; and she professed a profound horror of his profession, and of the infectious diseases he would infallibly communicate. Miss Letty, like many other pretty women, was absurdly afraid of illness. Though she had had the proper complement of measles and hooping-cough, and had even passed through the terrors of the scarlet-fever, she would not have walked through the village, had only so much as influenza been afloat; for did not influenza spoil the complexion and swell the lips, if nothing else? Dr. Currie was dismissed on that plea; and Miss Letty bluntly told him, as she curtsied him her good morning, that his next offer must be made to some one with coarser nerves, and not such refined sensibilities. Whereat Dr. Currie rode away, whistling "*Le Postillon de Longjumeau*."

Time was passing; Miss Letty's walk through the wood must be brought to a close now or never, for in a short time no more sticks of any kind would be offered to her choice. On the outskirts of the forest,—when Miss Letty was close on the borders of that desolate country where women first are thirty,—a malicious fairy thrust a stick into her hand, known to the world of men by the name of Ralph Quin. Ralph Quin was old—he was fifty, if a day; Mr. Mountain was only forty; and Ralph was not particularly rich,—his father had been a grocer,—he was distinctly no Adonis,



and he prided himself on his truth-speaking. And, as we all know what that means in the mouth of a country gentleman of independent means and doubtful education, he was not likely to be singularly polished. But Miss Letty, whether influenced by the imp who saddled my friends the Doluses with their Essex house, or whether actuated by the fact that she was almost at the end of the wood-matrimonial, I cannot say: whatever the motive, the effect was the same; she gave herself and her five thousand pounds to ugly old Ralph Quin the retired grocer's son, and Crapstick held up its universal hands at the news. The crookedest stick of all the wood had fallen to her lot; and Tom, and Frank, and the lofty Mr. Mountain, and the rising Dr. Currie, were thoroughly avenged.

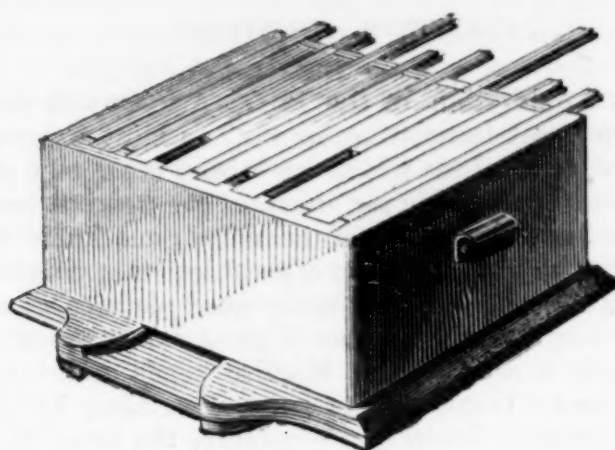
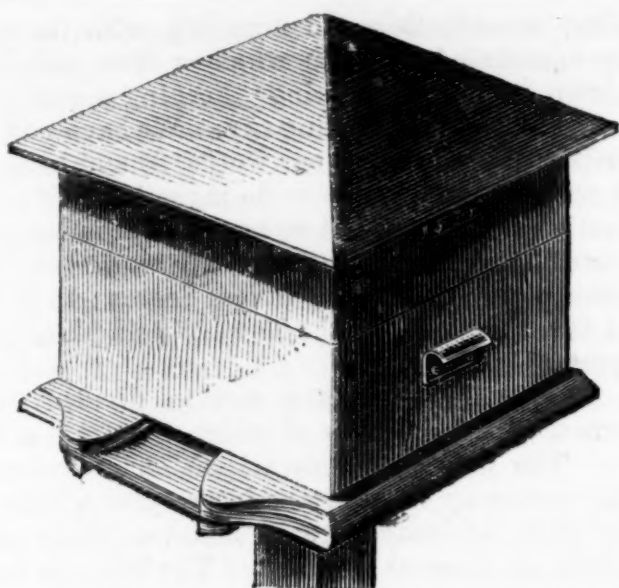
Then, look at that young Grosset,—old Grosset's only son,—what a stick he took up at last from which to carve his fortune! My young gentleman was fastidious forsooth, and doubtful of which profession he should honour by his gracious adoption. Should he be a lawyer? Old Grosset, who doated on him, would buy him a partnership; and while other men of twice his ability would be fagging at clerks' desks in the outer office, he would have to give only regular attendance and nominal assistance, drawing a superb income into the bargain. It was a snug berth, and capitally arranged; but the youth hummed and hawed, tried first one office, then another; and at last decided that the law was a world too dry for him, and gave no scope to his peculiar powers. Would the church do? No! In the church he would have to wear white ties and give up hunting; and young Grosset could not compass life, even in his imagination, without a tailor's bill and a stud. Should he go into the army? The drill was a bore, though the epaulettes and red coat went for something; but "hang it all," said young Grosset, when his old father offered to buy him a commission, and allow him three hundred a year beside, "I can't be under the orders of any man alive, colonel or no colonel. That would never suit my book." So he turned to the table, and helped himself to another glass of port; and the old man applauded his spirit, and said he was of the stuff out of which true English gentlemen were made. However, he must do something, that was very clear. Fond as his father was of him, he had his stubborn points; and that his son, though heir to a "tidy lot of money," as he used to call it, should also have a visible profession, and an independent means of subsistence, was his stubbornest point of all. He would allow him a handsome income, he would even make a liberal concession to his idleness; but he must be in a condition to write something after his name, let the range be from chimney-sweep to earl-marshal. Young Grosset knew that he had to choose. Idle young vagabond as he was, he would willingly have lounged away his time at home, doing nothing more intellectually difficult than making up a betting-book, and nothing more useful than riding up to the hounds; but as he had sense enough to know that the "authorities" would not endorse that bill of life, at last he made up his mind, and cantered over the fence into the wide field of art. Now, for art he had about as much capacity as the first Otaheitan you might catch wild in the woods, and as much chance of ultimate success as Guy's Dun

Cow had of learning the polka fashionable in those feudal days. But, partly because of the perversity of human nature in general, partly because he was conceited, and therefore stupid, he would have none other means of livelihood than this. Into artist-life, therefore, he plunged; so far as that life is encompassed by a palette, an easel, some paint-brushes, and a mahl-stick. Old Grosset was satisfied; the world would have another Rubens, and fame and his boy were sure to be united. But when the old man died, and with him his fortune; when, instead of a handsome inheritance, as he had expected,—“For did not the governor always say he was saving largely?” sobbed the embryo Rubens,—he found himself heir to an insolvent estate, and deprived even of the income hitherto allowed him; when he had to lean on his own staff, and earn bread of his own sowing,—what kind of staff was it he had chosen? with what butter would that bread be spread? or would there be any bread to butter at all? It looked but little like it; for of all young Grosset's art, his stock-in-trade, his palette and his easel and his mahl-stick were the only things that could be transformed into a dinner, were he starving for a customer. In any one of the other professions to which his father would have placed him, he could have held his station and earned a decent living; but in this he sank to where none but poor and unsuccessful artists *can* sink, and that is, to the lowest depth of which an educated class is capable. When last I saw young Grosset he was lounging by the door of the theatre, dirty, pale, shabby, emaciated; his face covered with hair, and his garments with dust; rags fringing round his wrists, and destitution stamped on every inch that lay between his battered slouched hat and his unbrushed worn-out shoes; while every trace of the gentleman was taken out of him, under the mingled influences of bad company, debt, poverty, hunger, and the dissipation of those saddest courts for the relief of insolvent debtors, the courts of the gin-palace and the gambling-house. That was *his* stick, and mighty pretty firewood it made for him!

We are all of us doing the same things; we are all constantly rejecting the likeliest sticks, to take up with the very unlikeliest, when Mr. Hobson, the Nemesis of contempt, presents his famous Choice to us. Now here am I myself growing into an old, crusty, rusty bachelor, all because I have not had courage enough to choose my matrimonial stick while I could. Ah well, it will not bear thinking of! One may moralise on the follies of others; but when the censor's cold breath touches oneself, it is time to think of one's furs and one's fires, and of the comfort of man's surest home—his own self-complacency. Well, and I have not done worse than my neighbours; not so badly as some. Look at Toogood, for instance, who married his mother's cook; and Grunter, who married his grandmother, or at least a woman old enough to be so: better have passed on without choosing any thing than such worthless fagots as other men make up. But, young people, for all that, take my advice, and remember that I speak from experience; do not be too long in choosing, and do not be too fastidious; and remember the story of the pretty maid who went through the wood, and came out with a crooked stick at the end of it.

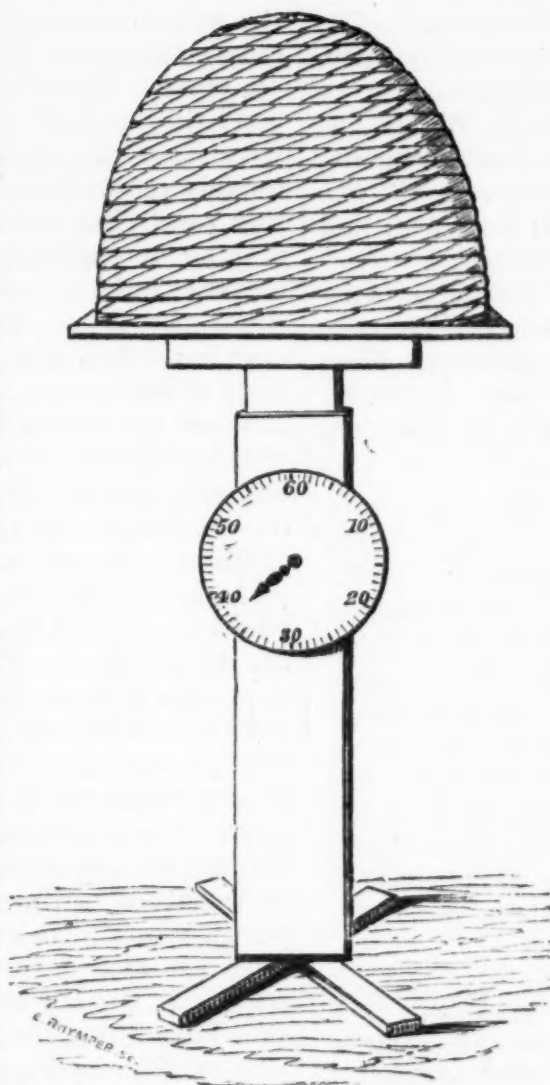
E. L. L.





## IMPROVEMENTS IN BEE-KEEPING.

IN former Parts of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE there have appeared notices on Bees and Bee-keeping, in which the subject has been dealt with as a study for the naturalist, as well as an occupation of rural life. We now purpose to introduce to our readers an invention of very high merit, intended to simplify the economical treatment of the honey-bee, as well as to combine facilities for the study of the insect with increased means for its profitable management. It is well known that bees are not at all particular as to the nature of their home, so that it is dark, warm, and out of reach of ordinary enemies. They will take to a hollow tree or a corner in a ruin as readily as to the best-made hive; and the only reason why bees are not often found in such places in this country is because their value causes the bee-keeper to keep a sharp look-out at swarming-time, so as to hive them safely; and when swarms are lost, they very often join with other colonies, without asking the interference of man. The great variety of forms in which hives are made does not so much arise out of the habits of the bee as the wants of the bee-keeper. Those who desire to witness their operations at all hours use hives of glass, in which bees are not expected to be profitable; those who seek profit only mostly use the cheapest hives of straw, in which the bees labour pretty much in their own way, and very little is seen of them beyond their daily going to and fro, and their swarming, when that may happen. But to achieve a profitable result, and yet to insure facilities for frequent observation, has been the aim of many patient and painstaking apiarians; and the hives of Taylor, Golding, Milton, Eaglesham, and others, have been constructed with this view; and every one of those hives has served its intended purpose admirably. It has been reserved, however, for Mr. Tegetmeier, the well-known authority on poultry and kindred subjects,—who is an enthusiastic bee-keeper,—to invent a hive which unites in the simplest manner all the principles necessary for scientific study as well as profit. Its construction is illustrated in the annexed engravings. It is called the "Bar-Slide Hive," and in effect it is a compound of the Stewarton with Taylor's Bar-Hive, the combination of the two ideas evincing high mechanical ingenuity. The hive consists of two boxes placed one on the other. The second engraving shows the construction of the lower, or stock, box, fitted with slides and bars. The bars are an inch and an eighth wide; they are *loose*, so that any one, or all, may be lifted out; but



the eight narrow slides are so made, that when they are in their places the bars become *fixed*, so that in this respect the peculiarities of two distinct hives are combined in one. When a swarm is hived into this lower box, the bees construct the combs regularly along the seven bars; and when these are filled the slides are withdrawn, and the bees admitted to the upper box, as in the Stewarton bee-boxes. The advantages of this hive are manifold. First, its square shape economises room, and is most convenient to the bees; and, the boxes being all made to one pattern, the bars belonging to one hive can be used for any other. The advantage of this is, that in taking up the hives in the autumn, instead of destroying any brood which may be in the comb, the bar to which it is attached may be inserted in another strong hive, and the bees allowed to hatch them out, thus saving valuable lives. Then, should the bee-keeper want a complete comb, either for the honey in it, or to examine the young brood, or to supply or destroy a queen, he has but to draw out a couple of slides and lift out the bar containing the comb he has chosen, and supply its place with an empty bar for the bees to work upon. Or, if a swarm is wanted, it may be had artificially by lifting out, in May, the

centre brood-comb from a strong hive, and dropping it into its place in an empty box, and placing it in the position of the old stock, which must be removed to a new situation, a few yards distant. Thus, in this ingeniously constructed beehive, we have every opportunity for the most minute investigation of the habits and economy of that wonderful creature the honey-bee,—the store can be taken at any time in the simplest manner, and in complete and beautifully worked combs, the bees following the line of every bar from right to left,—and for the furtherance of that humane principle of preservation on which a common-sense treatment of the bee must of necessity be founded.

Our apiarian readers will be pleased to learn that the "Indicator Bee-Stand," which I suggested in No. 44 of the NATIONAL, has been carried out with perfect success. The hive works on a spring in the stand, and the action of the spring is registered by an index on a dial-plate to indicate the weight of hives, bees, and comb; so that the weekly, or even daily, increase of the valued store may be known at a glance, and additional and most interesting particulars supplied to those who keep a journal of the proceedings of the bee-house. The stand is here figured as now made; and it may be seen by any one at 5 Barbican, London.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NINETIETH EXHIBITION.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Academy is beyond question the most interesting, as well as most progressive in character, of all those which have been before the public for many years past. We say the most progressive, because the variety and importance of the more remarkable works have not resulted from a number of great artists having united their efforts to bring together many good pictures at once; but, on the contrary, the number of great names absent from the catalogue is remarkable: Maclise sends nothing, nor Millais, Holman Hunt, Herbert, nor Eastlake; Mulready has but a cartoon; Leslie but a picture, the least honourable to him we have seen; and Sir Edwin Landseer alone of the older R.A.'s does still occupy that prominent position which for so many years has seemed his by right. To compensate for these shortcomings, we have a work by Frith, so intensely popular that a policeman is stationed in front of it day by day to keep off the crowd; Mr. H. Wallis, the painter of "Chatterton," has overreached that achievement; Mr. Egg shows the greatest work he has yet produced; Mr. Hook surpasses even the name he earned last year; and Messrs. Poole and Phillip are in unusual strength.

Of grave and thoughtful art the noblest character is pathos; and this display being unusually marked therewith, we shall commence by noticing the pathetic pictures. Most prominent, as well as most perfect, of all these, is Mr. H. Wallis's painting—No. 562, to which the motto is appended,

"Now is done thy long day's work."

The artist has put before us an old field-labourer, who, grown too old and feeble for that service, has come at last to break stones by the road-side; and now, in the gathering purple gloom of evening, lies upon that hard death-bed, a heap of stones, dead before us. Beneath a hedge-row, and sinking against the bank, the old man has died, his out-worn gray head dropped upon his breast, his old toil-distorted hands fallen powerless before him; those limbs that age and labour have made to perish lie passive and null upon the earth, and by them the hammer his dying grasp relinquished at the last blow. The catalogue contains this extract from *Sartor Resartus*; and never were more appropriate words fitted to a picture, nor ever did picture illustrate words more perfectly:—

"Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom."

Such has been his lot in life—to labour unheeded; to live, and even to die, unheeded. Dead he has lain so long, that, although it be almost night, no one has come to fetch him home, no one to say even that his labour might cease; no man came, no human voice or sound was uttered for him; so death came, ever punctual and soundless; and to man's challenge, coming like a late relief to a weary sentinel upon guard, he shall never answer more; but "home is gone, and ta'en his wages." They will report him dead upon his post, and give him a pauper's grave. Since the hammer's last clink upon the stones was heard, no sound has broken the repose of evening—and of death. So silent is it even now the while we look, that a stoat, which the unvarying stillness has brought out of its retreat, starts not from its post upon the dead foot, only glances at us with sparkling eye; the obscene creature dominates the body of the man even in our presence. Of the less perishable part of our dead brother the artist gives us a hint in the background to his picture. Overhead is a greenish golden sky, soft and pure; while a gap in the hedge, above the dead, shows open country, over which evening shadows gather fast; on the horizon masses of purple cloud lie solemnly

and calm; beneath this, and mingling with the masses is a misty mountain-land, from which a river pallidly bright pours down in full meanderings, keeping a still and luminous course beneath the fading sky. We have endeavoured to describe this picture, but our words, fit and hammer them how we will, fail lamentably to do it justice. Of its artistic execution we have room but to say, that it is worthy of the design and the sentiment so admirably expressed. This artist's other pictures please us in less degree; they are, Nos. 369 and 462, "Raleigh in the Tower," and "Henry Marten in Chepstow Castle."

Mr. Egg, A.R.A., sends a picture divided into three compartments, the subjects of which illustrate a domestic tragedy. The first and central portion expresses how a husband, having by some means intercepted a letter revealing his wife's infidelity, returns home suddenly, and with stern calmness presents it to her. The effect is before us: the woman lies on her face upon the floor, her arms rigidly outstretched, and the fingers interlocked together in spasmodic grasp. Broken-souled, and in ghastly stillness, the husband sits, steadfast, pallid, and ashy-faced, looking outwards with large precognising eyes, the expression of which is terribly mournful. We are made aware how suddenly all this result has come about by the action of a child, who, playing at card-castles with a sister, desists in placing a roof-tree only to look round when her mother's fallen body smote the floor. The exquisite innocence of these little ones is not less admirably rendered than the frightful abasement of the woman, or still more fearful calm of the father. The last has evidently not been away from home very long, or these children would leave their toys to welcome him; it has been but an ordinary absence. At the moment he came in, the mother was engaged in dividing an apple between the children; she cut it in half, and found it rotten at the core (significant symbol); transpiercing its foul heart, a fruit-knife sticks in one half lying on the table, the other half is beside her on the floor. The foreboding horror of the husband's eyes sees with us the sequel and the subjects of the other pictures. They are both effects of moonlight; in both the moon is shown, calm and unvarying, signifying that they are simultaneous in point of time by the identity of her position in both pictures. Unvarying is the moon; but how varying are the scenes! (We know the father is dead—that preternatural stillness meant death!) In one is a poor garret, wherein the two children, now growing into womanhood, are alone; the window is open, and over both, one praying in the lap of the other, the steadfast and holy moonlight falls, filling the room with soft brilliancy, whose calmness symbolises hope and peace,—hope and peace because for that unhappy mother the prayer's prayer is made. In the third picture is she herself—lost; lost the happy home; lost and dead the husband; lost and living the children; living and lost, but praying for her who crouches under one of the dark, dank, and noisome arches of the Adelphi just upon the foul margin of the river: foul the river is, foul the woman is; but even over these the calm and holy moon shines steadfastly like a promise of peace. The Shot-towers of the farther shore, and lofty buildings thereupon, are absolutely lovely in this sweet light; and the bemired and slimy piles that stand in the river reflect that light on the sides from us,—a piece of true effect, which the painter has rendered by showing a misty halo round them, gaining not only truth of aspect, but completion of idea at the same time, by this piece of realism. The guilty woman lies crouched upon the roadway; beneath her shawl appear the limbs of a child,—a third child, upon whom are to be visited the sins of the parents. Upon the walls of the arch are the glaring placards of popular theatres, announcing the performance of various melodramas for the edification of the public. The tawdry light of a gas-lamp placed without the arch struggles with that of the moon; and in this, and in the subordinate parts of the arch itself, occur the only executive faults of these three pictures; a heap of stones on one side of the last being more like dumplings than stones, and the light from the gas being



far too strong, contending as it does with the moon's overwhelming power. Uncompromising adherence to nature is the best thing an artist can practise at all times; Mr. Egg would have got with more perfect truth, more perfect sentiment. "A Scene from *Esmond*," where Trix knights the Colonel, No. 19, is a pendant to the picture here last year, from the same work. It surpasses it in every quality.

There is some pathos in Mr. Halliday's picture, "The Blind Basket-maker with his first Child,"—a blind father feeling the features of his son. The subject is far more thoughtful than the artist's preceding works; but the execution is crude and heavy. Leslie's "Christ at Capernaum," No. 152, fails to interest us, principally because the head of the Saviour is that of a very weak and foolish man, not of Christ. The little child, whom he calls to sit amongst the disciples, is, however, beautiful, as the artist's pictures of children always are. Mr. F. Stone has meant to be pathetic with all his heart, and to a certain extent has succeeded therein, in his "Missing Boat," No. 204. A group of fisher-people stand anxiously looking out for a friend in danger; two men scan the sea with a telescope to inquire if she yet floats. The most important and best-designed figure is a girl, whose lover is in peril; she is standing alone, her hands clenched, and face working with emotion; behind her, grouped in the fashion of the Opera, are sympathising friends. This is a work needing no comment, and meriting little notice from us. Mr. Luard's "Nearing Home," No. 444,—scene, the deck of a transport bringing invalids (from India, the Crimea, or elsewhere), one of whom, an officer, lies extended at full length, just gathering strength from the effects of a wound: he is tended by a lady, who, in her over-anxiety for the sick man, motions a sailor to silence, although he has come to announce the sight of land, the neighbourhood of which is, however, conveyed to him by the approach of some land-birds, whom the peaceful group of the wounded man and the lady have not deterred from taking some crumbs thrown to them by the hero himself; other invalids look over the bulwarks towards the land, which is visible to us through an open port. There is a great deal of good execution about this picture; the solidity of tone pervading it distinguishes it from all the neighbouring works; there is a handsome sort of heroism about the soldier's face, and easy dignity in his pose, wounded though he be. This picture does Mr. Luard great credit, and suggests that he may become the Frith of another decade, but with a graver purpose in his thought. "The Girls we left behind us," No. 242, shows a young lady witnessing in a large chimney-glass the departure of a regiment from country-quarters: her looks are depressed, and we judge, by the expression of a younger sister standing in a sympathising attitude beside her, that she is in need of consolation from the military movement. Mr. Luard succeeds better in men's faces than in those of women; the countenance of this young lady is quite impassive, and might as well have been pretty. The lady in the former picture also looks frozen-souled, though handsome enough.

One of the best tests to which a picture can be submitted is, to consider if a person ignorant of its subject would beyond doubt sympathise with the painter's motive, approve the virtuous and condemn the wicked persons in his subject. Applying this test to Mr. Hart's "Athaliah's Dismay at the Coronation of Joash," No. 79, our first impression would be, that the picture represented the rebellion of the inmates of a lunatic asylum, who had obtained a large collection of theatrical properties and costumes, and solemnly proceeded to crown an idiot, whose mild character had won their esteem. While the interesting ceremony was going on, in came the wife of the keeper, in a *bizarre* evening costume (people are surprised at nothing in a madhouse); whereupon the most violent maniacs set upon the poor woman with their theatrical weapons. We appeal to any person who does not know that Mr. Hart is an Academician, if, without looking at the catalogue, he could surmise that the imbecile youth on the throne in the distance ("Why so pale," Mr. Hart?) could typify the restoration of the Royal

House of Judah over God's people; that the watery but harmless lunatics gathered about are the Levites of old; that the washed-out manikins playing on penny trumpets,—penny trumpets they are, for not one of them is six inches long,—can be the trumpeters whose loud blast daunted the proud mother of Ahaziah. As this picture stands, our sympathies are, we freely confess, with the queen, the only tolerable-looking person therein; as to the frightful ruffians to the left of the picture, whose "jump-Jim-Crow" attitudes indicate an intention of murder, we marvel where the artist obtained the idea of such revolting countenances; the third from the front might sit for the impenitent thief himself. The pathos of this picture is the profundity of its failure, and deep would this pathos be, but that its exhibition betrays the greatest contempt or ignorance of public opinion, neither of which are pardonable to Mr. Hart.

Pathetic also are Mr. E. M. Ward's subjects, and they are to a certain extent also failures. No. 35, "Napoleon III. receiving the Order of the Garter from the Queen, at Windsor," has a serious significance of purpose in the subject, which might merit fitting attention from the artist, distinguished as he has before been as a thoughtful painter; it has, however, not received this at his hands, for the execution is to the last degree careless and crude. "Victoria at the Tomb of Napoleon I." merits the same censure. This is a grave subject enough, worthy of any great artist's deepest thought, as containing elements of poetry. It is no apology to say these are simply court subjects, which the latter certainly is not; for other painters can execute court subjects with all their power,—witness Leslie's "Coronation," one of the finest of that master's works. "Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives from the Battle of Sedgemoor," No. 448, shows us a very coarse rendering of the text. A ruffianly officer is seen bullying a stolid old woman, and various melo-dramatic personages are grouped in the background. The heavy crudity of the colour and coarse drawing of the whole of this large picture are any thing but creditable to the distinguished artist.

"The Dying Contrabandista," No. 406, shows how the sleeping energies of the fierce Spanish blood find vent in lawless deeds: a party of smugglers have been attacked by the military; one of them, wounded to death, has been carried into a hovel, and now lies dying at the feet of a woman, who applies a mirror to his lips as the test of life: the man is dead, for the glass is untarnished. The reflected light cast upon the man's face by this act is well expressed, and heightens its effective character. A comrade looks out of a window, armed with a musketoon, while others remove the smuggled property; one of the mules used to transport the sufferer stoops snuffing at the body. There is great breadth and power throughout this work, much admirable colour and solid painting. Mr. Phillip's other works, although not pathetic, we shall mention here. No. 118, "Al Duena," shows one of those nondescript personages guarding a gorgeous Spanish beauty; a wonderful picture for colour and tone; the sultry *physique* of the lady is most powerfully rendered. No. 183, "El Cortejo," we engraved under the name of "The Salute" (No. 51). "Youth in Seville," No. 487, represents a flirtation occurring in front of a statue of the Virgin, to which the lady has brought an offering. The same may be said of this work as of No. 118. "Daughters of the Alhambra," No. 500, are two young damsels sitting in a window of Moorish design, one of whom places against the face of the other a white rose, by way of contrast to its tawny richness, in which, however, the warm blood of womanhood does not yet run its swiftest. This is a work painted with great force and striking truth, as well as power of colour and character.

We have not been accustomed to see pictures from Mr. H. O'Neil so powerfully executed as his "Eastward ho!" No. 384,—the departure of soldiers for India. The scene is the side of a transport; and down the accommodation-ladder come the wives, sweethearts, and daughters of the men on service. A weeping woman, the tempest of whose tears



blinds her, stands at the foot, and half-unheeding gives her hand to an old boatman, whose fare for the shore she is. A newly-married wife follows, straining her arm to its utmost stretch for a last pressure to her husband, who leans eagerly over the ship's bulwark. A pretty modest-looking girl lets herself be openly kissed by a lover; the soldiers press along the bulwarks for a last word; and on the top of the ladder a bronzed ship's-officer, who mayhap has a friend to leave himself, stands seeing to the order of departure, not unmoved by the emotions of those around him. The expression of his heavy dropped eyelids is admirable, as indeed are all the faces and the entire design of this very interesting and truthfully-painted work. A parting and a reunion come not unnaturally together; therefore let us turn to Mr. Rankley's "Return of the Prodigal," No. 536, also a picture showing marked improvement in execution, in vigour, and in manliness. A sailor returns to his home, and abases himself to his father for forgiveness; two sisters who are present express fitting emotion. The design, or rather composition, of these figures is by far the most successful we have yet seen of the artist's work in that respect. We are informed of the death of their mother by the black robes they wear, the larger predominance of which colour has been most effectively used by the artist. He has, however, a little overshot the mark by making the front of the picture exceed in hotness, when it would have been preferable to have kept the black itself warm in colour.

Two Scripture subjects follow. The first, "The Nativity," by Arthur Hughes, No. 284, is one of those exquisite little jewels of pictures which show how much true pictorial feeling exists in the mind of the painter. The Divine Child is seen in the hands of an angel, the Virgin doing reverence to it, another angel kneels behind; over the manger a group of adoring spirits are seen, singing Hosannas. We cannot conceive any thing more exquisitely beautiful, or more holily refined, than the countenance of the Virgin as she kneels to her own offspring; those of the angels are equally noble testimonies to the talent of this distinguished young artist, which year by year seems building itself a solid reputation for delicate execution and remarkable imaginativeness. This is a subject so frequently painted, that more than usual difficulty exists in treating it in a novel manner; yet, notwithstanding the dangerous comparisons such a choice necessitates, when we consider what great masters had dealt with the subject before, there is no question but that this admirable work will hold a noble place. "The Command to sacrifice Isaac," No. 1066, by S. Solomon, is the other Scripture subject with which we have to deal. The painter is a young man not hitherto known to the public, and the picture so placed, that without special notice it might escape observation. The moment chosen is when the voice of the Lord came unto Abraham, who is seen looking up absorbed in thought of the dreadful command. Isaac, a beautiful youth of genuine Jewish type, reclines his head against his father's breast, unconscious of the voice not addressed to him. We hardly know whether to admire most the admirable colour, the skilful drawing, or the beautiful face of Isaac; commending all these qualities, we hail the advent of the artist as that of one with a profound feeling for colour, great brilliancy of execution, and sound knowledge of form.

No. 360, "Howard's Farewell to England," does Mr. E. M. Ward but little credit. The famous champion of the prisoners is seen blessing, in the true paternal fashion, a good little boy, who also receives a Bible for a parting gift. This is all very well; but John Howard's special function was not the blessing of little boys, however unctuously done; but the delivery of prisoners from needless suffering, in which duty he should have been represented. This picture is, moreover, coarse in execution and tame in design. "Weary Life," by R. Carrick, No. 300, shows a hay-making girl discovering an acrobat and his son asleep on a heap of hay. Her expression is intended to be that of commiseration for the poor tumbler's hardships, but it is simply that

of stupid observation. The picture is absurdly tawdry in colour, and altogether a sad falling-off from "Thoughts of the Future," which attracted so much merited praise last year. "Flower-Girls,—Town and Country," by J. C. Horsley, No. 350, are two pictures in one frame, of contrasted subjects: the one, a girl leaving a *bal masqué* with her lover, recalls the now nearly-forgotten novel of the *Mysteries of Paris*, and the character of Rose Pompon; the other, which is painted with much greater success, because the artist liked the subject better, shows some country girls and children playing with flowers. This is a bright pleasing work, of that Arcadian class the painter so frequently indulges in.

"The Last Scene in *King Lear*," No. 310, by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., is the most successful of the works of this artist we have seen for some years. Without the slightest pretension to realism of character, there is nevertheless a marked power of design, large imaginative faculty, peculiar dreamy luxuriance of colour, and perfect feeling of the subject, in all this artist's works, that cover all the absurdities of drawing, the impossible atmospheric effect, and occasional theatricality of the attitudes of the figures, which no less distinguish his pictures. Something always fascinates the spectator about them, and this is remarkably the case with the present example of the death of Cordelia.

The painter of the "Procession of Cimabue," Mr. F. Leighton, is an artist of whom the world expects much. His "Fisherman and Syren," from Goethe's ballad, No. 501, where the luckless fisher meets his fate, is painted with characteristic skill and power. "The Discovery of the dead Juliet," No. 598, by the same, exhibits singular power of design, masterly drawing, subdued in-burning colour, and great command of expression.

Want of space prevents us from noticing Mr. Frith's great humorous picture, or Mr. Hook's admirable and touching versions of nature. We shall render account of these and other notable works in our next. L. L.

## MATHEW LÆNSBERG.

By LEMUD.

MATHEW LÆNSBERG was one of those early astronomers who combined the study of that science with astrology, and was eminent in both capacities. Delambre, in his catalogue of astronomers who had done service to the science by their researches, includes Lænsberg. As an astrologer he is even better known; the celebrated Almanac of Liege, a prophetic calendar which had a reputation somewhat above that sustained by the Old Moore's Almanac of our grandmothers' day, was supposed to be compiled by him. The prognostications of this work were at one time so implicitly believed, that Madame du Barry, who, during the supposed fatal illness of Louis the Fourteenth, was ordered to quit the court, is said to have burst into tears, exclaiming that she knew the destruction of some great person which was prophesied in the Almanac of Liege referred to her. The courtiers, however, conceived the prediction more probably referred to the *grand monarque* himself. All France laughed at the vanity of the woman. This almanac attained such celebrity that Grepet, in the well-known poem of the "Chartreuse," satirised it as almost equal to Heaven in knowledge of the future.

"There is a portrait," says the *Biographie Universelle*, "of Mathew Lænsberg, who was a canon of St. Bartholomew of Liege about 1600, and the supposed first writer of this Almanac, which is preserved in that city. It is extremely well designed, showing an old man seated near a table, his left hand upon a sphere and in the right a telescope." This description answers pretty nearly to that of the painting before us, and doubtless from it the artist got his idea. Lemud himself is a man of marvellous dramatic talent in design; his "Maître Wolfram," representing a party of gentlemen listening to a performance upon the organ, is well known, and holds a high reputation as one of the triumphs of modern art. L. L.





MATHEW LÆNSBERG. BY A. DE LEMUD.



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## PENLISK.

## PART II. KITTY.

I WAS awakened by a sensation as of a draught of cold air across my face, and the sound of rustling skirts and rapid footsteps. Opening my eyes, I saw Mrs. Cardew's flounce disappear behind the door, which was then carefully closed. But the good lady could not stop the chorus which was issuing from her many children, assembled in the passage.

"Kitty's come, ma; Kitty's come! She's in the gig; she's wet through."

And then the utterances became unintelligible, and evidently a great deal of embracing was going on. Finally, the troops appeared to be filing off up-stairs. I closed my eyes again.

"Another child, I suppose, to add to the small Cardew circle. I hope it's a quiet one."

And I yawned, and began to consider that I was tired,—with sleep, probably, as the mantel-clock informed me I had been taking that refreshment for four consecutive hours. I sat up, looked out at the rain, which was going on as usual, and then at the Cornish newspaper. When little Rosalie popped her head in at the door to see if I were asleep, I was studying the provincial intelligence, and was not at all grieved at the interruption. Then followed Mrs. Cardew, anxious to know if I could bear the fatigue of the family tea-party; if not, they would have tea in another room. I eagerly deprecated the last amendment: I assured her that my own thoughts were the most fatiguing of influences, and that I was only wearied of solitude. I also adverted to the new-comer, and kindly hoped the little girl wasn't very wet. My hostess looked puzzled; but quick-witted Rosalie leaped to the correct conclusion at once.

"He means Kitty, mamma. He doesn't know that Kitty's a young lady. Why, she's older than sister Sophia-Jane, Mr. Stayre!" the child volunteered to inform me. The intelligence gave me a sort of prick. I really felt half-ashamed of my natural interest and curiosity in the new arrival, now I knew she was "a young lady." I resolved in my own mind to keep completely quiet; to look on, and say nothing; and not be moved from my equanimity though Miss Kitty proved a Venus, Hebe, and Minerva in one. Which she didn't. There was nothing of the heathen goddess about the lady, who presently came into the room, surrounded by the glad group of eager children. Meanwhile, in the intervals of tea-brewing, Mrs. Cardew had explained to me that Miss Trevanion—Kitty—was Mr. Cardew's sister's orphan-daughter. She was in a situation, as governess, at Bristol, and always spent her summer holidays with them. This year, her pupils were going to spend two months in Germany, so she would remain with them till September. She was going on to tell me how they wished her always to live with them, but she had such an independent little spirit that—when the subject of discourse ended it by appearing on the scene. After all, I had been quite right, and she *was* a "little girl:" a tiny little thing, brown complexioned, and with eyes of no particular colour or lustre, I thought, and features nothing to signify. But a pleasant, healthful-looking,

vivacious, and sweet-voiced young woman, as I decided to myself after five minutes' observation. My feelings were purely reasonable, you may perceive. Had I felt in the least inclined to sentimentalise, could I have thought of her for one instant as "a young woman"? No.

Nevertheless, tea-time passed all the more pleasantly for the new-comer. I, lazily stretched on my sofa, sipping my tea, listened to the talking, and was silent and observant, according to my self-imposed rule. After the first introduction, and when my hostess had been happily interrupted in the very commencement of a long description of "poor Mr. Stayre's accident," no notice was taken of me; and I could see that, very soon, Miss Trevanion was completely oblivious of the presence of "a stranger." She was at home, with those who loved her and whom she loved. It was quite pleasant to see her happy face. I noted the hearty greeting of Mr. Cardew to his niece. I remarked Charlie's blunt boyish fondness for his cousin, and the general air of liveliness that her coming diffused among their whole circle. The children were allowed to come to tea in the parlour in honour of her arrival. It was quite a little festival.

"Glad to be back in old Penlisk, eh, Kitty?" said Mr. Cardew. "Does the place look natural?"

"O, doesn't it!" she said, her eyes shining; and then she laughed at the ungoverness-like exclamation, and was silent for half a minute.

"It poured the whole way from Rock Point," said Charlie, who, it seemed, had been to meet her at the station, and driven her the twenty miles thence. "Our Kitty's a good one to travel. *She* didn't care; I think she liked it."

"I was glad to see the old road again," she said; "the sight of the hedges, and the beautiful high fern-grown banks, was a happiness in itself. Even the rain was like a friend. It doesn't rain so freshly and honestly about Bristol, as it does here in Cornwall. O, there's no place like it in the whole world!"

"More there is," grunted Charlie *sotto voce*; while Mr. Cardew said, "Well done, Kitty! The West country never needs an advocate when you're here," and stroked the young lady's hair, at which she looked up at him, smiling and colouring, and appearing, for the minute at least, quite pretty, as I was constrained to admit to myself.

"You'll find Penlisk very much as you left it, my dear," Mrs. Cardew chimed in; "no changes, no improvements that I see. It's a very stand-still place."

"I don't wish it changed, aunt," said Miss Trevanion promptly. "I like the quaint gray houses, and the narrow hilly streets. Don't get it improved on my account, please. I wouldn't have it made modern and convenient, and like other towns, for the world."

"You little Conservative! don't you know we're all Reformers in Penlisk?" cried her uncle.

"Well, let people reform themselves, and leave the town alone," she replied, laughing; to which Mrs. Cardew gravely assented.

"Yes, indeed; they might well do that: there's plenty of room," she said, shaking her head ominously.

"How so, dear aunt?" cried Kitty's clear courageous little voice. "People are not worse in Penlisk than in other places, are they?"



"I'm sure I don't know, my dear," the matron rejoined. "They are bad enough here. Things go on really I can't tell you how. Such flirting, and boldness, and foolishness, among the girls. As for the men, I never knew such a set of vain, stuck-up, senseless creatures as they are become. They get worse and worse."

"All the men vain, and all the women bold! O aunt, I can't believe that of Penlisk men and women. I like my townspeople, and I want to think well of them."

"If you can. Well, we shall see," said the severe lady, whose husband, laughing as he rose from the breakfast-table, patted his niece on the shoulder, and said, "You see you're wanted. Poor Penlisk needs a champion."

Mrs. Cardew shook her head gravely, and resumed, "Well, my dear, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself in a few days. Charlie, did you give your cousin that card of invitation to the bachelors' picnic? It's for next Friday, my love. The boys are going. You'll like it, I suppose?"

"O yes!" and the girl's pleasant laugh rang cheerily to my distant sofa, as she read over the card, and asked how she should reply to it.

"The Bachelors of Penlisk request the honour—What a formidable phalanx one imagines! The honour of my company was never before requested by so many at once. What am I to say, aunt? 'Miss Trevanion will be happy to accept the Bachelors of Penlisk'—That sounds strange for a beginning; I shouldn't wonder if people said it was 'bold.'"

"Ha, ha! that sort of thing would be uncommonly like *you*, Kitty," roared Charlie, in superb satire.

"Tell it not in Gath," interjected Mr. Cardew, who also seemed amused at the idea, as he collected his letters, and turned to leave the room.

"My dear, you had much better tell it in Gath than in Penlisk," gravely rejoined his matter-of-fact wife. "A word is enough for some of the people here to—"

"O aunt, dear aunt!" cried Kitty, laughing and deprecating.

I saw that she had wound her arm round her aunt's capacious waist, and was looking up coaxingly in her face. The good lady's cynical mood was not potent to withstand such softening influences. She bent down and kissed her.

"My dear, my dear; I wish there were more like you. But really the scandalising that goes on here—"

"It's all because Sophy and Lotty are away. When they are at home, you never hear any of the foolish gossip that is going about. There are some dreadful old ladies of your acquaintance, dear aunt, who make a point of fastening on you when you are left daughterless and unprotected. Let them look to themselves: Kitty's at home!"

And I heard the vibration of her laugh along the passage, and up the staircase, as she went with her aunt and the children to the nursery. And, indeed, it must be confessed that the fact, "Kitty's at home," made itself sufficiently manifest day by day. Never was there such a busy, important little person. She was here, there, every where. She pervaded the house like a fresh breeze let in at the windows. I

wondered how they ever got on without her. "Where's Kitty?" was the constant cry of all the family, from Mr. Cardew as he came in at dinner-time, down to baby, who roared for "Kicky" in his infantine lisp, and would not be pacified till he was taken into that young lady's embrace. She helped her aunt with her sewing; she helped the nurse dress the children; she helped her uncle sort his letters, and find his mislaid papers; she helped the boys in all their many requirements; and she had time besides to devote to every living thing that claimed her services. The very cat had a sleeker look since she came. The boys' pony looked for its wisp of fresh grass at her hands every time it came to the gate; and listened, with one ear bent back, to her pleasant voice, calling it pet-names. There never was such a bright, cheerful, ready, clever little thing: I am prepared to own that much. The visitors that come to pay calls (now I am located in the sitting-room I see them all, and am duly edified by their conversation) wear a more genial expression, and take a pleasanter tone when she comes into the room. People can't help responding to her cheery, frank sweetness of look and manner. Only once—no, twice—have I seen that happy serenity of hers ruffled. Only twice—and she has been here a week now—have I seen the slightest hint of what old ladies call "a little temper" in Miss Katherine Trevanion. The first time, I was the unlucky provocative. It was the day after she came; and, somehow, when she was sitting at the table, beside her aunt, helping to diminish the contents of the mending-basket, I found myself swerving from the rule of perfect indifference and taciturnity, which I had imposed on myself,—somehow I found I was trying to draw Miss Trevanion into conversation. And although her voice took a somewhat subdued cadence, and her manner received the slightest possible accession of dignity, I found it was not such a difficult achievement as I have known it prove in some cases. This young lady's was one of those simple *unself-conscious* natures who have too little vanity to be what is generally termed "shy," and who, perhaps, have too much real reticence to appear very "reserved" on the surface; even as the deepest streams generally are the clearest. She responded courteously and frankly to my remarks on the weather, her journey, and such harmless topics; but apparently did not care to promote conversation by starting any subject on her own account. So our talk flagged when I had to stop and consider what I should say next. Mrs. Cardew filled up the pause—

"Poor Mr. Stayre was very unfortunate, wasn't he, Kitty? His accident happened the very first day he was here."

"Very unfortunate," she assented. And raising her compassionate brown eyes to my face, she added: "And you can have seen nothing of the country?"

"O, I went to St.—St. Something's Well," I said, with an infatuated idea that I was going to be very witty and agreeable. "I saw a high road, and some lanes,—corn-fields, and so on."

"Do you catalogue the prospect in that fashion?" she returned, with an amused smile curling her lip. And I had not the sense to perceive she was amused at, and not with, me.

"O, this is not a very pretty part of Cornwall," said



Mrs. Cardew in her slow placid way. "About Tretheil and Nook there is much more to see. We've nothing at all remarkable about Penlisk."

"Except the rain, ma'am," I impulsively put in, with a laugh. Whereupon I could see that my laugh displeased Miss Trevanion, whose colour came rapidly into her face, and retreated slowly, as I noted it had a trick of doing when she was particularly earnest, or surprised, or pleased, or, as now, *not* pleased. And it was on the present occasion that I discovered that this young lady was susceptible of other emotions than those gentle and amiable ones which I had hitherto seen her display. I cannot say I liked her less for resenting my impertinence. Want of appreciation of her beloved Cornwall was evidently a capital crime in her eyes; and I chid myself for the half-sneer into which I had been betrayed. No chance of retrieving myself was afforded me that morning, however. Not another glance was deigned in my direction; and an inquiry from her of her aunt, as to the best way of patching little Rosalie's frock, elicited from the matron a slow stream of work-table talk, utterly mysterious to me, which sufficiently put any other subject out of the question.

But next morning it happened that two ladies called to see Mrs. Cardew, in whom I recognised my friends of the inquiring minds, whose faces I had so often encountered peering over the blinds of the opposite house. The two Miss Bodes were angular ladies of that calibre of appearance which has so unjustly become identified as "old-maidish." Their four steel-gray eyes *pierced* into whatever they were directed towards; I declare I repeatedly felt four little pricks as of punctures, about my face during their visit. Their two Roman noses came down in dignified curves over their two thin mouths and pointed chins. They were not lovely to behold; and I did not find their manners make amends by sweetness and urbanity for their hard features and sour looks. After shaking hands gravely and even gloomily with Mrs. Cardew and Miss Trevanion, and bending stiffly to me, in acknowledgment of my presentation, they sat down, and fell into sombre conversation on the weather, on the state of Penlisk streets, &c. &c. Turning to me with an awful air, at once solemn and *brusque*:

"How do you like our town?" questioned one, looking inexorable as the Grand Inquisitor. I was glad to escape a possible heresy, by pleading ignorance on the subject.

"Ah,—broke your leg. Seen nothing, I suppose? Pity. Not that you lose much. Penlisk's a stupid place. Nothing to see."

"Indeed," I said, seeing that she paused for some acknowledgment of her intelligence.

"Dullest place in the world. Nothing going on but scandal. Not that I ought to speak against it to you," continued this candid lady, with a wiry little laugh. "Young men are considered precious hereabouts. They like to catch them, and keep them, when they come here; that is, the young ladies do. Don't mean you, Miss Kitty: you live away; we don't call you a Penlisk woman."

"But I call myself one, and I *am* one," cried the young lady, in whose cheeks I had observed the crimson signal of displeasure fluttering ever since Miss

Bode commenced her instructive conversation with me; "and I am not ashamed of my town."

"Nor of your townfolk?" suggested the thin lips.

"No; except when they decry each other, and try to prejudice strangers against their town," said Miss Trevanion fearlessly. "I think that mean and unworthy; and I dislike and am ashamed of meanness and unworthiness wherever I meet with them."

I expected an outbreak, perhaps a pitched battle, to follow this frank expression of opinion; but it seemed that Miss Trevanion was better acquainted with the person she had to deal with, who smiled sourly, and only said: "There's plenty to be ashamed of in Penlisk, my dear. But I'm glad you like it so much;"—and paused; in the which pause came in the voice of the other sister, who was gruffly and confidentially bending her distinguished features very close to Mrs. Cardew.

"All the town is talking of it. She was seen walking with him three miles away on the Tretheil road. Mr. Graves happened to be passing on horseback, and saw them. If it isn't an engagement—"

"My dear Lavinia," interposed the second Roman nose, "you know very well it *cannot* be an engagement. A very discreditable flirtation, doubtless,—but nothing more. After the things that young man has said of Matilda Ann Parkis, it's *impossible*!"—with tremendous emphasis.

"Certainly, she has been very much talked about," admitted Mrs. Cardew.

"Talked about! It was a public thing. Such a barefaced *pursuit* of a young man, my dear Mrs. Cardew, I suppose never was known. He had to go home to dinner by the back lanes,—a different way every day,—to avoid her; and then she actually dodged him, ma'am. One day, Mrs. Price told me, she saw him dart down the archway under the brewery, when he saw her parasol at the end of the street; and he came out again by Hanger's Lane. But there she was before him, Mrs. Price said."

"Mrs. Price had better attend to her family, than look after other people's affairs, and talk about them as she does," observed *my* Miss Bode loftily. "That woman spends all her time in prying about her neighbours, and telling what she sees and hears; while her children go wild about the streets, and the baby's long robe is in tatters. I've seen it."

"Well, Mrs. Price or not," persisted the other, "we all know what Matilda Ann Parkis is capable of."

"O, I don't doubt my own eyes, my dear; and I've seen such manœuvring and flirting—such conduct convinces *me*. But as for believing half of what I hear in Penlisk, I never do. As for Mrs. Price, she is quite as bad in her way as Miss Parkis is in hers;—I don't know if it isn't worse. After all, Matilda Ann is only like the rest of the Penlisk girls. They *all* run after the gentlemen; it's a well-known fact."

"O!" cried a clear indignant voice, and paused to draw a deep breath. Yes; Kitty was in arms. Figuratively speaking, she had buckled on her breastplate, drawn her sword, and thrown aside the sheath; and now she charged the foe, the crimson flag flying, the light as of glancing steel flashing in her eyes. As the signal to "advance" was that quick, sharp, emphatic "O!" She went on with the hurried but clear utterance



of strong earnestness: "Is there nothing of good that you can find to say of these girls? Don't you know that Miss Parkis, for instance,—motherless from her infancy,—now works hard to support her invalid father as well as herself?"

"Nobody denies that, my dear," inserted the enemy doggedly. "I never said she wasn't industrious. That doesn't prevent her being as arrant a flirt as exists in the three kingdoms."

"You might at least have mentioned that she possessed some good qualities, before you proceeded to detail the bad ones."

"My dear, it would have been beside the question; we were mentioning *flirtation*. No good qualities are connected with barefaced coquetry, that I know of."

"She has been motherless since infancy," repeated Kitty, her eyes growing very bright, almost glistening, with her earnestness. "Much ought to be forgiven a motherless girl."

"Well, well; I admit she isn't so much worse than plenty other girls who haven't her excuses," Miss Bode observed, hastily. "The flirting business goes on pretty briskly in Penlisk, setting *her* little affairs out of the question."

"Well, even if they are as bad as you say," persisted Miss Trevanion, with strong reproach, "can't you pity them in silence? Don't you feel that it is being almost as bad as the offender, to go about expatiating on the offence, circulating the knowledge, dwelling upon it, exulting in it? And you must *know* that it is not true what you say of 'all the Penlisk girls.' You know many that are good, sweet, womanly; can't you tell us of their doings? Doesn't Henrietta Whist go about the poor cottages, reading to the old people, teaching the children—helping every body? Isn't Maria Budd loved wherever she goes? I have heard you say, that when you were ill, it was like sunshine in the room when her sweet face entered it. Are not my own two cousins dear and good girls, that any place might be proud of? O Miss Bode, you do yourself more injustice than you can render to Penlisk or its people, when you libel them wholesale, as you have been doing. No one would suppose *you* to be capable of the kind generous things I have known you to *do*, if we judged you by what you *say*."

"Kitty, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Cardew.

"O, let her go on; I don't mind what she says," said Miss Bode, smiling with a more genial expression than I had hitherto seen on her face; "I've known her since she was a baby, and she's privileged."

"Yes, but you ought to mind what I say," cried the little warrior, waving the figurative sword high above her head. "You ought to have more pride in being a Cornish woman, and a Penlisk woman, than to seek out and expatiate on the weaknesses of the place to—strangers."

"Well, if that's the grievance, I dare say that Mr. Stayre will listen to *your* account of Penlisk, my dear," came a parting fire. But Miss Trevanion interrupted with quick displeasure:

"No, indeed; I leave it to speak for itself. Neither Cornwall nor its people require my advocacy, or any one's. No, indeed!" she said again, the earnest voice quivering, the clear eyes flashing.

"Miss Trevanion is perfectly right," said I, eagerly

sympathising; "that which we love, be it country or friend, is tacitly humiliated by being praised to indifferent ears. Cornwall generally, and Penlisk particularly, may be left to speak for themselves, I imagine."

"Penlisk people may, I assure you," snapped the cynical Miss Bode, as she rose to take leave; "they're a gossiping set. Yes, Katherine my dear, they are. I dare say you have found that out already, Mr. Stayre? I should like to know your *candid* opinion of our town and people. But I'm not likely to hear it, I'm aware."

And with her queer sour smile, she nodded; and the two sisters departed, escorted to the door by the valorous Kitty. I heard vocal sounds as of a sharp skirmish all along the passage, till it stopped at the closing of the front-door. Mrs. Cardew, meanwhile, had commenced a sort of monologue on the usual theme of Penlisk gossipry, of which I only heard the opening observation; for, indeed, I had lapsed into profound meditation. The exact subject thereof, I should now have some difficulty in deciding. It began with Penlisk and its society, but certainly did not end there. No; for I found myself murmuring under my breath, but with deep mental emphasis, six words: "*The greatest of these is charity.*"

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There is certainly nothing like the temporary loss of a habitual blessing to teach our selfish hearts appreciation and gratitude. And it is curious how a regained power, like that of moving, walking, and going about, transfigures every thing, and makes the worn-out old world quite new and bright again. I think I never in my life enjoyed so keenly the fresh air, the benignant sunshine, the summer radiance that was over every thing, as I did during the other afternoon, when I was allowed, for the first time since my accident, to "take an airing." How beautiful the country looked! I don't know the name of the place whither we went, but the way was through lanes arched with richly-foliaged trees, and whose high banks were glorious with ferns in a very triumph and exultation of luxuriance, and fragrant with honeysuckle, that seemed flung in garlands about the hedges every where. Now and again we had glimpses of the country beyond; here sinking into a green wooded valley, and there undulating into corn-fields, or rising into abrupt brown hills that shut in the horizon sternly. It was a perpetually varying landscape; and yet amid all its changes, it preserved a striking individuality. I could understand Miss Trevanion's glad pride in the "dear old Cornish land," as she looked round and recognised the familiar landmarks. Charlie did all the talking part of the enthusiasm; she only *looked* her delight. Mrs. Cardew was mildly conversational, after her wont, and required no answers; and I was well content to do nothing but regale my eyes with what was set before them. At one place Charlie and his cousin alighted, and gathered bunches of wild-flowers, some of which were given me. How beautiful wild-flowers are! how brilliant yet tender, and delicate yet vital, in colour, and form, and growth! Yes; and I admitted that never, in any part of England, had I before seen such infinite variety of floral wealth as this wayside hedge afforded. I was as happy as a child with my flowers;



and I examined, and studied, and tried to remember their names after we came home. For the drive ended, —but more are to come: I am to go out every day. In another week I may *walk* out, says the doctor. Excellent good news! I long to ramble about, and peer into the hidden beauties of this Cornwall. Even immediately around Penlisk there is much to see, I feel sure.

To-day is the day of the picnic. Miss Trevanion, Charlie, and Bob set out early; looking extremely sweet, in a white frock, and a bonnet with forget-me-nots about it—I mean, of course, the lady. I hope they will enjoy themselves. It is a beautiful day. The square has been quite gay, and also noisy, all the morning, with carriages, dog-carts, and every genteel variety of vehicle, besides the two wagons carrying provisions and servants,—all bound for St. Nellion's Cottage. A party of gentlemen on horseback have just gone by—queer-looking fellows; and it's odd how seldom one sees a man ride well in the country. There goes Mrs. Price too, leaving the baby squalling in the arms of that young stupid-looking nurse. Fine development of the maternal instinct in Penlisk ladies; with all those flounces, and that shawl, and the most radiant of faces, she sets off on a party of pleasure, neglecting all the most sacred—

*Halté là!* I am positively retrograding into the uncharitable and scandalising mood. What would Kitty—Miss Trevanion—say? I'll take up the book she left on the table, and read.

Ah! Mrs. Price has jumped out of the chaise, and is standing on the door-step, fondling and soothing the baby. I maligned her; saw imperfectly; decided hastily—because I had nothing to do. Behold the materials out of which slanders are manufactured. After all, *am* I any better than the Penlisk gossips I have often decried and laughed at, in what my conscience tells me was a pharisaical spirit? Not better, but a great deal worse, I believe. For I have lived in a wider area; my ideas have had a less limited range; I have been *taught* at least more elevated views and aspirations; and I have had a more varied experience wherewith to supply the storehouse of Thought and Memory. All these things make the tendency to scandal in me twentyfold less excusable and more hateful.

Pharisaical indeed was I in presuming to judge my Penlisk acquaintance as I have done. What old gossip in all country-towndom could have taken more kindly to prying and concerning myself with other folks' affairs than did I, when my interests were suddenly limited to the four walls of my room and the view from the window? Has any one ever yielded more easily than myself, I wonder, to the influence of that disastrous epidemic—idleness? Have I not found it the mother of ill-nature, of vain trifling, of foolishness of many kinds?

I remember thinking thus, one day. I ventured to communicate my thoughts to Miss Trevanion, who was arranging flowers in the drawing-room, while I, from the garden outside, lounged on the window-sill watching her. And I concluded my discourse by volunteering to excuse in the most amiable and charitable manner all the shortcomings and faults of all the Penlisk people, of whom I had often thought, and sometimes spoken, severely enough. The malicious

small-talk, the unkind depreciation of each other, the little envies and hatreds and divers uncharitablenesses of some, the enthusiastic pursuit of masculine society by others,—I smoothed down, softened off, looked indulgently on. To my surprise, my remarks were not at all warmly responded to by the arranger of the flowers. She kept her head bent over the geraniums and verbenas; but I could detect the colour rising into the clear cheek, and that the delicate lips quivered, with their own peculiar evidence of emotion. All she said was, "You think so?" in a low tone, less of sympathy than of reproach.

"What do *you* think, then?" I said. The head was bent lower yet, and a lovely branch of flowering myrtle was busily manipulated, I noticed. A shower of snowy leaves fell from between the slender ruthless fingers. Still not a word, and I repeated my question; whereat she snapped the myrtle-spray in two, and then pushed back the braids of dark hair from her forehead. These little troubled evolutions over, nothing was left but to speak; which she did, as if desperately, at last, and with a sort of sigh trembling through the rapidly yet distinctly uttered words:

"I think that we have no right either to palliate faults, or to judge those who are faulty."

And after this sententious little speech she slipped to the other side of the room, with two filled vases of flowers, which she was a long time arranging on the console. Evidently she desired no rejoinder, nor to enter into any discussion on the merits or demerits of her townsfolk. *She*, at least, is purely free from the provincial tendency to "talk over" her neighbours, their sayings and doings. Yes; I confess I feel humiliated when I think how much nobility and simple unconscious goodness is existent in that slight girlish little creature, with her delicate intelligence, her refinement, and sense, and feeling; who is "out on the world," making her own way, earning her own bread, and is so blithe and sweet and womanly withal.

And here am I, a man with my fortune provided—saved by my good father before me. Behold me, to whom every thing has been made easy throughout my life: hardship, difficulty, struggle,—I have known none of those things which cause a man to exercise his strength, call upon his energies, and test the calibre of his manhood.

I begin to think myself a small fellow enough. I never thought so before either, which is the more humbling to me now. How superior I have held myself, for instance, to the people here! How freely, and with what judicial authority, have I commented upon them, their faults and follies! Especially with what presumptuous conceit have I looked down on men who are content to lead "vegetable lives" in this remote place,—their interests narrowed, their aspirations lowered, as I have pronounced them necessarily to be!

Look at home, Lionel Stayre. What have I done so very great in the world, I wonder? Now I come to think of it, nothing! What lofty aspirations have I striven after? what grand examples have I followed? And yet with what perfect self-complacency have I always looked on myself and my life, till now! How I have mentally thanked Heaven that placed me in circumstances favourable to my intellectual culture,



and the growth of experience! How glad I have been that I was not as other men are!—in Penlisk, for instance.

Somehow, a different air has breathed itself into my philosophy. I am more inclined to be severe on the accomplished men of the world, among whom my acquaintance hitherto has principally been; who turn all their advantages to ignoble, or at best inadequate, uses; and who, though their intellectual aspirations may be higher than those of the quiet lives that pass in country places, are certainly neither morally nor spiritually to be exalted above them. And these are the men whom I have been ambitious of emulating. After all, I question whether men like Mr. Cardew and Stephen Polfry do not lead better lives than such as they.

No doubt an enforced time of quiet, such as these six weeks have been to me, wholesomely enforces meditation and introspection. I don't remember ever feeling so little satisfied with myself in all my life before. It seems to me that my twenty-six years have been profitless, vain, unworthy; I have distinguished them by no particular ill-doing, that is all the negative praise I can bestow. And some men at my age have a past to look back on, which, if it be not glorious, is at least glowing with the promise of the future. But I, with no object, no profession, no place in the world, not even a pursuit, except that very vague one of "student."

It shall be a vague one no longer. When I go back to London, to the old chambers, it shall no longer be to the old life. I declare solemnly I will make acquaintance with that most sacred and ennobling institution of Work.

When I go back? Yes; that won't be just yet. But I record my vow.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is astonishing how swiftly time slips by when a man is enjoying the recovered use of his powers of walking. I could never have believed that I should so lose all count of days, and even weeks—at Penlisk too, of all places. Yesterday came a letter from my brother-in-law, reminding me of my long-ago promise to come and help him shoot his partridges on the first week of September. Next Tuesday week he says I am to come. Can it be possible? Are we in the last days of August? By the almanac, yes; by every thing else, I could have sworn it was a mistake.

Miss Trevanion's pupils, however, have returned from their tour, and she has to return to Bristol in a week.

So I suppose the summer is over. But this is quite irrelevant. I was saying how quickly time flies. Indeed I have found how dangerous it is to decide too hastily on the merits or demerits of either places or people. My first impression of Penlisk was decidedly not favourable. I thought the town ugly, the neighbourhood uninteresting. Had I been asked, "of what sort of people the society was composed," my opinion would have been equally uncomplimentary, equally unjust. Men idle and conceited, I should have affirmed; the young ones insufferably presumptuous, the elders dogmatic and illiberal. Young ladies frivolous and given to flirting; elderly and married ones uncharitable, and addicted to gossip.

But now I have been about, and have become tolerably familiar with all that whereof before I only knew the surface. I like the quaint old town; I have pleasure in its primitive pebbled streets; its steep ascents and declines; its Grand Square, its inconvenient market, and its irregular rows of houses. And for the green lanes that intersect the country round, in whatever direction the Rambler goes, have I not learned to know them, and to love them well? Are not the high banks—rich with various ferns, and starred with wild-flowers—dear to me as a familiar tune? And then, farther away, on those glorious moors,—purple in the sunshine and brown in the shadow,—what exultation of full free life have I not drunk in with the waves of that fresh pure wind that, like a sea, is for ever sweeping and swelling over them! Two days we spent on those moors, scouring across them on horseback, or resting under the shadow of some of those strange other-world-looking tors, that are scattered, as by the convulsions of some Titanic struggle, over and about the hills. From the summit of one of them we saw a goodly portion of the fair land of Cornwall spread around us, as at our feet, with the silver line of sea girding it in at either side; and between, the rich variety of hill and vale, wood and water, mine, moor, and pasture, that I think only this western country affords so lavishly, and with such beauty of diversity. Then, how delicious were the rides back in the cool calm evening, with the after-glow of the sunset glorifying every thing, from the very mine-stacks on the distant hill to the rose-sprays in the hedges and the braids of Katherine Trevanion's brown hair! How pleasant, too, was her own intense delight in the beauty of it all! How childlike was its absorption—how woman-like its keen appreciation, its vivid feeling! At last, somehow, I used to turn to her face as to a picture more beautiful than the landscape itself, because it interpreted so perfectly the emotion that is more subtly exquisite, more divinely infinite, than any visible grandeur or beauty. The love of a pure heart for beauty is more beautiful even than that which it loves,—at least I felt so, looking at her.

I suppose any one who happened to see this sort of scribbled journal of mine, would think that—

Well, let them think so; it matters very little to me;—nothing matters much to me, indeed, now. I am right glad and thankful that I have known so true and noble a woman, even though the love that has grown out of the knowledge be ever unknown, and the place in my heart and my life a blank. She does not care for me; I see that very well. And what am I, that she should? But some day, perhaps—though I am a fool to speculate on such a chimerical possibility.

In two days I leave Penlisk. I have no excuse for staying longer. Egerton is peremptory. I am strong as an elephant now; and with all my wish to remain, and for all the genuine and most elastic Cornish hospitality of the Cardews, I begin to perceive that nine weeks is rather a long term for a first visit. And Sophia-Jane and Charlottan returned home last week, and their several betrotheds are coming to spend a few days before long. The house will be full enough without me. I must go; and I fixed the day yesterday. She goes back to Bristol next week,—to the governess—





DEER-STALKING. BY F. TAYLER.

DEER-STALKING, as every body knows, is a method of hunting practised in the Highlands of Scotland, in which the hunter endeavours silently to approach the deer by stealing down upon them, moving always against the wind, lest the acute senses of the animals should warn them of danger. The deer are mostly espied from a great distance by means of glasses, or detected when fully engaged in feeding: then comes the hunters' pastime. Should they not have the wind blowing against them, they make a long circuit, in order to turn the flank, as it were, of the game. Lying flat down on their faces, creeping along in utter stillness, they advance as swiftly as may be, slipping from bush to bush, keeping the lower side of any broken ground, so that its ridges interpose between them and the deer. Now down in a watercourse, now climbing up a cliff's face, here crouching beneath a rock, they gradually approach the last shelter which shall screen them from sight. Should they be so dextrous as to reach this without starting the game,—which is exactly what a novice seldom is,—fortunate is he who is a good and quick marksman; for rarely does the sound of putting the gun on full-cock—the well-known sharp click—fail to startle the game. A quick sight along the barrel, an instantaneous finger, and good aim, shows the victor.

If in all this process the least sound reaches the suspi-

cious hearing of the deer,—a word, a stumble, or a cry,—away they go in mighty leaps, the stags bearing high their horns, the roes bounding beside them,—onwards for miles at times,—then the whole labour is to be done over again:—follow them up, get a new place for stalking them, stoop down, the faces of the sportsmen amongst the stifling dust that rises from the heather; and hot, half-suffocated, and anxious, they again try their fortune, till success or the next alarm puts an end to it, or necessitates a third commencement.

The dogs that accompany the sportsmen are meanwhile left in charge of a gillie, lest any hasty proceeding on their part should spoil the sport. Such is the youngster who sits so anxiously watching the progress of his masters in company with the dogs, who are as anxious as he. Deer-stalking is the only truly natural sport still practised in these islands against the nobler animals; stag-hunting being comparatively artificial, the success depending more upon the goodness of the horse ridden by the huntsman than on any extraordinary patience, strength, or subtlety of his own. For this reason, even if there were not others, the practice of deer-stalking is emphatically a sport-royal, the only one cared for in Britain, and comparable with the bear, wild-ox, and boar hunting of Russia, the chase of the stag in Germany, or that of the boar in France. L. L.

life, which she speaks of so cheerfully and contentedly, yet which must be—how unworthy, how inadequate for her! If she loved me—if she but loved me—would I not find a dearer, more transcendent joy than any other life could hold for me, in keeping her safe as in a sanctuary of tenderness and care, where never a rough stone should come near her feet, nor a chill

wind smite her dear face? But she does not love me,—and I am as in another world, where nothing that I can do has power to help or to guard her.

\* \* \* \* \*

These thoughts do no good. I will turn the page, and begin afresh, in London, with the new life that is coming. A week in Hertfordshire, and then to



work. Ay, to more work than I contemplated when I made my vow. For to *do* is easy; but to suffer suspense, uncertainty, ignorance,—all the tribe of biting wearing pains that attend on such an utter separation as this that is coming,—that will be hard enough.

But courage! Shall I flinch at the first hardship, when I was but lately deprecating the too smooth current of my destiny?

And farewell, Penlisk,—good, dear, old place,—ever a sweet and pleasant name to me. I can feel nothing but love for thee and for thy people, now on the eve of leaving them. Thy little streets, thy queer houses, thy people lounging or sauntering about the streets, or keenly investigating the outside world from the windows of the houses,—I regard them all regretfully, almost fondly. And farewell, Cornwall,—grand and beautiful West Country, where the sea wears its fullest purple, its purest crest of snow; where the moors are wild and desolate as in a deserted world, but where the rich woods wave with glorious abundant life as in a world but newly created; where the little villages lie nestled in the rifts of the uplands, and the rivers wind between hills clouded with oak-foliage, and the little dells and bosky nooks are at once exultant in the wealth of ferns and flowers, tropical in their luxury of growth, and exquisite with a minute perfectness of vegetation, that seems like a forgotten trace of fairydom. I must turn my face from all its wealth of wild beauty; I must turn my thoughts to grimmer realities than have engrossed them since I have been here.

But I yearn over all that I have seen and loved and been gladdened by during these weeks, and I bless them in my heart. And I will say no more but farewell—farewell.

#### POSTSCRIPTUM.

*Cornwall, June 185—*—Three days ago, routing out my desk, I came upon this old scribbled book. What a pleasant ghost it is! Though time is more precious to me now than when I spent hours in scrawling its pages over, I could not help lingering over it, turning to half-remembered passages, thinking about never-forgotten thoughts and feelings, till I was interrupted by a light hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear.

"You slow husband! won't you ever come?"

And indeed, Mrs. Stayre was ready dressed for the walk we had planned to take that delicious summer-evening, and I, as usual, was behindhand.

"Look here," said I deprecatingly, and pointing to a sentence or two in the book; which no sooner had her quick eyes caught and comprehended, than she won the paper volume from my hold, and ran with it to her own especial chair by the window, where she generally sits while I write, of mornings. Therein she now established herself, and bent down, poring over the manuscript, her mouth smiling—smiling with a very intensity of feeling. What the feeling was, any other observer would have found it difficult to tell; for, while the mouth was thus smiling, the eyes were glistening, the lids trembling and swelling, till at last the tears fell fast, dropping on the paper, till I forbade and intercepted them from that destination.

Amid the said tears, however, she persisted in reading on, and rebelled against any attempt to abstract the book; declaring, in her usual autocratic

manner, that it was the very thing in the whole world that she could have best liked, most wished to read, and that it was better than walking in the fairest of Cornish lanes by the sunlight of the most radiant of June evenings. Whereupon I left her to her studies, and quietly resumed my own interrupted work of sorting letters, &c. in the old desk. Occasionally I was attracted by the rustle of her silk dress, as she moved in the quick fashion, alert and bird-like, that is familiar to her when her feelings are aroused to a yet keener vitality than ordinary. Sometimes, too, she would give me a glance from under the little hand that shaded her face—a rapid glance, with a smile, a flash of mischief, a tear, a pretended frown, all condensed into one instant's point. Once or twice she even deigned a few words, not of the most flattering nature.

"O, you were a real 'young man' in those days; you thought well of yourself; you were a most happy, complacent person! Kitty did you a great deal of good. But how astonished you must have been when you first discovered that a young lady existed to whom you were not irresistible!—now, weren't you?"

This last with a serious air of inquiry. Not attending to my indignant rejoinder, however, she was lost in the diary again, till a fresh provocation forced her to utterance.

"Shameful injustice! Poor Miss Bode!—excellent woman! O, Lionel, how could you so malign her? Not only her, either; you have made a case, like the clever theorist you are, out of nothing. Disgraceful exaggerations about every body and every thing! Dear old Penlisk! Discreditable chronicler!"

And so on. I am not going to repeat all she said of reproach and blame. Perhaps she is partly right, and I am partly wrong. Not altogether, I think; though Penlisk (near which we are staying at this very time) is now so much altered from its previous self of ten years back, that I feel a difficulty in recognising where my strictures on it were righteous, or where they were simply the growth of my own feeling of pain and discomfort. Any how, it is a long time since I have thought of it otherwise than with tenderness most entire.

But to return to last evening. Twilight came on, and still the student persevered over the scrawled pages; leaning her head against the window-pane to catch the utmost light, manœuvring her little figure in all sorts of ways to achieve the same end. At last I sank back in my great chair, and ceased to watch her by closing my eyes. Meditation, thus wooed, came. She took me back to the Penlisk of ten years ago; to the house in the Grand Square, and the family therein. She showed me Mr. and Mrs. Cardew, with the snow less thick on their hair, and old age ten years farther off than at this day; Sophia-Jane and Charlottan, instead of the comfortable matrons I saw a week since, were straight slender girls; Charlie, the rising engineer, was the awkward, warm-hearted boy, full of mischief and blunders—of all which youthful endowments only the warm-heartedness now remains; Rosalie was a child, who is now the belle of Penlisk, teaching the unhappy young men of that town a more severe code of manners, a more rigorous discipline, than could have been supposed possible for that "con-



ceited set" to submit to, ten years ago; Bob was playing at marbles, who is now studying surgery; and the little children that were then, are accomplished damsels now, who play the piano, and expect to be asked to parties next winter.

And Katherine Trevanion,—“Kitty,”—who first aroused the real nature in me, and rubbed away the crust of conventionalism that threatened to ossify me into aimlessness and uselessness for the rest of my life,—what has become of her?

But at this point of my reverie I was aroused by the touch of a soft little hand on mine; and opening my eyes, I saw in the dusky twilight a shadowy form I knew, with its fair smoothly-braided head resting against my knee. Nothing it said for a long while; and when words came, they were subdued by a tremble in the tone that sounded as tears look;—happy tears though.

“Dearest, I feel pained with impotence of gratitude when I think of that time, ten years ago. How unhappy I was! O, that dreadful after-time at Bristol, when I heard nothing, knew nothing, and only believed that you had forgotten me, as I felt I deserved to be forgotten!”

“Little hypocrite! yet how coolly you parted from me, the morning I left Penlisk!”

“Of course I did,” erecting her head with sudden warmth. “Would you have had me fling myself at your feet, burst into tears, and say, ‘O, I like you very much; please don’t go away!’—did you expect any thing of that kind?”

“Things of that kind were rather in the style of the Penlisk young ladies in those days,” I observed demurely; and enjoying the angry little twitch of the fingers I held fast in mine: “you mustn’t blame me if I did look for something of the sort, therefore, and was accordingly disappointed.”

“Yes, yes, that tell-tale journal sufficiently explains the presumptuous and conceited frame of mind in which you left Penlisk,” she said, gradually softening from prickliness to rose-leaved tenderness at the remembrance. “Poor darling! How miserable we made one another!”

“I confess I have never forgiven you for my share of it,” I affirmed,—“the death-blow to my vanity that you inflicted. Well, you will hear more of it some day.”

“And what a wonderful evening that was when you suddenly appeared at Bristol!” she went on, pursuing her own train of thought; “how overwhelming it was to see you enter Mrs. Brooke’s drawing-room, and find *you* were the stranger from London that had been dining with them that day!”

“Ah, the amount of perseverance and dauntless impudence which it took to procure an introduction to that extremely stupid family—”

“They were not stupid, Lionel,” she interfered, entering on her usual championship of the attacked, “but worthy, excellent, kind people. They were always very fond of me.”

“Still, you know, that fact does not imply the possession of much goodness. I have the misfortune to be in the same case; yet, as you often say, I am the hardest-hearted, most disagreeable husband that you ever had.”

“Nevertheless the Brookes were neither hard-

hearted nor disagreeable,” she insisted; “and they were very good to me,—and to you too, ingrate that you are! How hospitable they were, constantly inviting you to the house! I am sure you ought at least to have appreciated *that*.”

“So I did, perfectly. Lizzie Brooke was of a marriageable age, a very pretty girl too; and you know what an agreeable young man *I* was,—an eligible *parti* also,—smiled on by every single lady I happened to meet.”

“I am quite sure *I* never smiled on you.”

“But you see it was only because you felt so much, that you—”

Here my malicious mouth was stopped by a soft application, namely, the palm of a small hand.

“Be quiet, traitor! O, I am well pleased that your vanity *did* receive its death-blow, and at my hands too! What a promising young Goliath it was! How clever of me to vanquish it before you became my property!”

“Don’t talk of it, my love; it was a very painful operation. I sigh sometimes when I remember what an important person I was before I unluckily met you. How wonderfully superior to the rest of mankind I thought myself! how beyond and above every body else in manners, mind, morals, every thing! Conceited, infatuated fool!”

“You know very well you thought nothing of the kind,” came the impetuous reply (fully expected by me); “you know you were as different to other young men as my favourite Sir Galahad would be, if he were to appear in Regent Street to-morrow; you know you never thought about yourself, that you were always so kind and unselfish and good, that you made every body love you. Do people love conceited young men in that way? Of course they don’t; they can’t. I should never have cared for you if you had been different to what you are.”

I let her go on, and did not try to undeceive her in her fond belief. I think, though, that it is something better than vanity that causes me to like so well to hear her thus discourse. Her playful strictures, her pretended blame, make me smile often; her praise, the expression of her unutterable love and trust, Heaven knows, makes me feel humble enough. And so, I say, she proceeded unchecked:

“No, indeed; it would have spared me a large amount of trouble, if you had really been the sort of person you describe. But you laugh at every body when you are in a mischievous mood, and you will not even spare yourself.”

“It is a fault common to men, and increasing with years,” I gravely stated. “I daresay I shall write a good satire some of these days.”

“I am sure you never will.”

“A bad one, then; perhaps so. The last *Quarterly Review* politely informed me that my theories were nonsensical, my style bombastic, and my books insufferably dull altogether. No doubt they are right; reviewers always are, you know.”

“As for the *Quarterly Review*—”

But wifely contempt could find no utterance. She was silent for a long time; then, in her dearest sweetest tone, said softly:

“I have been thinking of something better than even your books—of your life; all the years since that journal was written, and the years before, that you



have so often told me about; and how strange it was that you should come to Penlisk; and how strangely—no, not strangely, but happily and graciously and mercifully—every thing has indeed 'worked together for good.' And, dearest, I go back to my old cry, 'I can't be grateful enough.'"

And to this there could be no reply, my pure, true, noble Katherine. I too, try not to be ungrateful; but I dare not say my heart swells in worthy harmony with thine.

And thus, for the second time, I close this little paper volume, and again its last lines are written at Penlisk. Again I say, farewell, Penlisk. But although our two months' stay is nearly at an end, and we must soon turn our steps homeward; and though good-by must then be said to the West Country, and the quaint little town we both of us love right well,—it is a very different "going away" to that of ten years ago. For I take Kitty with me this time—Kitty, who is the very angel of the dear home we return to—Kitty, who is sitting at this minute by the window before me, working busily, with her brown eyes seriously bent down, and her face expressive of profound peace and contentment; looking on which, I think I may well feel all tenderness for the place wherein I first beheld that dear face, and never either see or think of old Penlisk without coupling its name with a blessing earnest and heartfelt.

#### THE WAY TO CURE HATRED.

At the foot of the mountain Norkin, to the north of Peking, and not far from the Yellow Sea, that is, in the eastern part of China, there dwelt, beneath the shelter of a natural grotto, a bonze, whose name was Liao. He was the oracle of the whole province; the literati themselves, whether they were mandarins or filled other government offices, came to seek his counsel. It was reported throughout the neighbourhood that he was more than a hundred years old, that he had spent his whole life in study, and that twice every month he held converse with superior intelligences.

One day, when the sun was sinking in the west, and while the labourers were taking their third repast, one of them, named Kiang, approached the grotto. He carried in a palm-leaf basket a few provisions as an offering to the bonze. He had not forgotten to accompany the present with a small quantity of the precious first-gathered tea, which the Chinese reserve for their own special usage, whilst they supply Europeans with what is regarded as comparative refuse.

Kiang deposited his respectful tribute on a polished stone in front of the cavern; and after performing the complicated salutation required by Chinese etiquette, he remained standing before Liao, who had resumed his seat, and addressed him in the following terms:

"I am come to you, the wisest of men, because a certain apprehension oppresses my mind. A month ago, Ti-hou, the manufacturer of silken stuffs, who used to live at the other end of the village, bought the house contiguous to mine, and of which I had long wished to become the possessor. He now resides there, so that he is my next-door neighbour.

Since that time, I cannot leave my house, I cannot return home again, without being constantly liable to meet Ti-hou; and, would you believe it, sage Liao, every time that I catch sight of him I feel a distressing sensation of pain. I fancy that I am looking at some hideous object, some repulsive and noxious animal. At this very moment I am afraid to return to the village, because I shall be obliged to cross the meadow where he has spread several pieces of silk to dry. I shall probably find him there, busy in preparing them for storing in his warehouses."

"And you have been subject to these alarming symptoms ever since he bought the house you wished for?"

"Exactly so," replied Kiang; "and the complaint only gets worse and worse. I cannot help thinking that his visage becomes every day more and more malignant and ugly. I feel as if I could take a delight in doing him some injury. One day last week I experienced the feeling very strongly, when I noticed that he was talking about me to a young man related to him, and that he laughed when he looked at me."

"O, I see that you need a speedy remedy. Do you know where Ti-hou is at this moment?"

"Look, there he is, walking away in the direction of the city! If he is gone there, he must be absent for a couple of hours."

"It is a walk that perhaps may cost him dear; for in another half-hour there will be a thunder-storm, and every ell of his silken fabrics will be ruined."

A flash of delight illuminated Kiang's countenance.

"But," continued the benevolent bonze, "we will discover at once the means of preventing his loss and of curing your complaint. Follow me quickly!"

So saying, he advanced with rapid strides towards Ti-hou's meadow. When they reached it big drops of rain were already beginning to fall. Liao hastened to pack on Kiang's broad shoulders the silk which was lying outspread on the grass. He ordered him to take the whole to the warehouse, and deliver it to the attendants without any explanation. The bonze retired. Kiang obeyed; and then hurried back to the shelter of his own roof, for the rain was falling in torrents.

Next day, at noon, Kiang returned to the grotto. He threw himself at Liao's feet, and thanked him for the prodigy he had worked in his favour.

"Venerable sage," he said, "I have seen Ti-hou this morning. He came to my house to thank me for having saved his stuffs. His face was really handsome; and, far from being ominous of any ill-luck, it appeared to presage a long course of happiness in the friendship he desires we should contract together. O, how grateful am I that you have thus changed the heart and the features of my enemy! He was inclined to harm me, and his disposition has become friendly; his visage was horrible to look at, and it is now almost beautiful."

"Ignorant mortal," replied Liao, "you attribute to me a power which is not given to man, not even to the most fervent adorers of Li. Ti-hou has never been other than he is to-day; in your heart only has the change taken place. The great Confucius has said, 'If you hate any one without a motive, render him a service, and you will love him forthwith.'"

E. S. D.



## THE HERALDRY OF SCIENCE.

THE examples of the heraldry of science which I am about to describe form a somewhat bold innovation on the science of heraldry; and yet, as arms of assumption have been allowed, even within the very precincts of the Herald's College, to form a special class of armorial bearings, certain whimsical assumptions in the form of heraldic blazonry recently adopted by a few eminent men of science may perhaps be considered as coming legitimately within the general pale of heraldry, though perhaps placed far below the more legitimate griffins and martlets, and rampant or couchant lions, and bends azure on gules, or crosses fleury or voided. Previous arms of assumption have generally been mere imitations of those borne by right of descent; a retired shopkeeper adopting his "field argent, bend gules, and five martlets proper" by arbitrary caprice, or the fancy of his carriage-builder. Such assumptions not unfrequently lead to absurd and equivocal misinterpretation. All remember, for instance, the Radical gin-distiller's assumed arms and motto; the latter being *Libertas*, which a good-natured friend pronounced exceedingly appropriate, and translated, "genuine British spirit." Nor has the punning spirit, always a favourite in heraldic mottoes, been absent from these later assumptions; as witness that of the retired grocer, *Tu doces*,—"Thou tea-chest!"

Hereditary arms are also open to ridicule as mere shams, when borne by men who no longer represent the courage, genius, or nobleness of those who first assumed them, or to whom they were granted as badges of honour. National badges,—such as the eagle of the Romans, the bear of the Goths, the white horse of the Saxons,—were necessarily perpetual, and with each generation became more venerated as the standard round which their fathers and fathers' fathers had rallied; but there is no similar reason why individual badges, whether of mere distinction or of honour, should be transmitted to the posterity of the original wearers. It is, in fact, well known that such devices did not become hereditary till within the last six centuries, although even in times of remote antiquity—as we learn from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid—illustrious chiefs were distinguished by special badges, painted on their shields or worn on their helmets, like the crests of more recent times. A curious example of such badges being in use in Roman times, is furnished by the historian of the fierce intestinal wars which ended in the extinction of the great Republic, who tells us that the Roman soldiers in the service of Marcus Antonius and the Egyptian queen Cleopatra bore on their shields the impure emblems of Isis and Osiris, &c. It was not till the twelfth century that heraldic badges became hereditary in private families; and the custom then arose from the first badges so adopted having been borne in the Crusades, and thus acquired a sacredness, which gave them, in the feelings of the time, something of the character of a charm or talisman: and so their use was continued from father to son; and the custom, once established, was followed in more recently assumed devices.

The arms of assumption engraved above do not come within the category of assumptions liable to equivocal misinterpretation. They are badges which shed their original light on the bearer, and not the dim reflected radiance of long-buried dust. The first example is an enlarged copy of the seal of a well-known German naturalist, who has done good service in this department of science, and hangs up



boldly the symbols of his labour in the assumed blazonry of his signet. Dr. Kælenate, of Brunn, in Austrian Moravia, has published the results of a long series of observations on the parasites which infest the wings of bats; a work which, from its careful accuracy and the untiring observations which enabled him to complete it, has received its due meed of honour and reward in those quarters in which such labours are, and ought to be, the claims to distinction. With an honest pride, therefore, in this, his most complete and successful work, he has taken the wings of the bat as the curtain or mantle upon which his shield is placed. The honorary marks of distinction with which he has been rewarded by his sovereign are ingeniously attached to different portions of this singular drapery, the crosses and medals being attached to the caudal membrane beneath the shield. He assumes as his motto, *Usus est ultimus scientie finis*, which may be freely translated "Usefulness is the true end of science," and admits of no equivocation when put

by a labourer in the cause beneath the badges of his labours.

The second example is from the seal of Dr. F. H. Troschel, who has written a valuable and interesting work on the muscles of the throat in singing-birds, especially the canary. The extraordinary volume of sound put forth by some of the lesser warblers rendered such an investigation peculiarly interesting. He has also written highly-esteemed works on the fresh-water fishes of Europe, and also upon the curious anatomy of the snail. In this assumed coat-of-arms we therefore find, over the old family crest of the helmet, with its barred visor, a bird singing on a spray. The same device "proper" on a field, probably "azure," forms the blazonry of the shield; and instead of a motto, the doctor simply places his own name, as the only claimant to the honour that may appertain to the symbols above.

Several other examples of scientific heraldry might be added, in which there is a kind of reality not belonging to hereditary badges. What significance, for instance, has the old family crest, whatever it may be, of a Murchison, as compared with a geological hammer; or the ancestral blazonry (if such exists) of an Owen, compared to the footprint of the dinornis?

H. N. H.

## POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

IT IS A POOR COOK THAT CANNOT LICK HIS OWN FINGERS; and "He is a bad manager of honey who does not do the same" (French).—*Celui gouverne bien mal le miel, qui n'en taste, et ses doigts n'en lèche.*—These proverbs and the following are applicable to persons who have the fingering of other people's money, either in a public or private capacity. "He who manages other people's property does not go supperless to bed" (Ital.).—*Chi maneggia quel degli altri non va a letto senza cena.* "All offices are greasy" (Germ.).—*Alle Amenten sind schmierig.* "Hast thou no money, then turn amman" (high-steward or bailiff of a district), said the court-fool to his sovereign (Germ.).—*Hast du kein Geld, so wird ein Amtmann, sagte jener Hofnarr zu seinem Fürsten.* King James I., we are told by L'Estrange, once complaining of the leanness of his hunting-horse, Archie, his fool, standing by, said to him, "If that be all, take no care; I'll teach your majesty a way to raise his flesh presently; and if he be not as fat as ever he can wallow, you shall ride me." "I prithee, fool, how?" said the king. "Why, do but make him a bishop, and I'll warrant you," says Archie.

W. K. KELLY.



## THE NIGHT AFTER CULLODEN.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

THE cherry-coloured satin  
 Moved with its peacock-train,  
 As the four-and-twenty fiddlers  
 Struck up a merry strain.  
 There was the Laird o' the Willow Glen,  
 And Sir John of Siller Hall;  
 Not to forget the Lairds of Fife,  
 With the Flanders lace and all.

The yellow satin and the black,  
 The crimson and the blue,  
 Moved solemnly along the room,  
 Slow pacing, two and two.  
 Cinnamon coat and claret vest  
 Wore old Sir Robert Clare,  
 He had the small-sword by his side,  
 And the powder in his hair.

The dance was set, the fiddlers stood  
 With the suspended bows,  
 When at the gate into the street  
 There fell three angry blows;  
 Then, with a bang of folding-doors,  
 As out flew many a blade,  
 A stranger came; his red hat bore  
*The Hanover cockade.*

Swords blazed above his fearless head,  
 Swords hedged the brave man round;  
 Swords flashed and glittered past his eyes,  
 Keen pointed, newly ground.  
 Ten ladies fainted, twenty screamed;  
 The satins shook and stirred;  
 He stood as in the eagle trap,  
 The crowned and royal bird.

The fiddler with a trembling rasp  
 Slipped fiddle in the bag;  
 The trumpeter with quavering note  
 In time began to lag;  
 The dancer, half-way through the dance,  
 Stopped, listening half-afraid,—  
 O, shame for twenty Jacobites  
 To tremble at one blade!

"Good gentlemen," the stranger cried,  
 Waving away the swords,  
 "Charles Stuart, whom ye call your chief,  
 With all his naked hordes,  
 Is routed on Culloden Moor,—  
 God bless the day of spring!—  
 He flies! a price is on his head!  
 Adieu! *God save the king!*"

He spoke with such a manly voice,  
 Head up, and chest full spread,  
 No rebel dared to even touch  
 The badge upon his head.  
 The swords drooped down, and on their knees  
 Some prayed and sobbed and wept:  
 How frantically towards the door  
 A dozen Tories leaped!

The rakehells galloped down the strand,  
 To ship for Popish France,—  
 A pretty way for gentlemen  
 To end a pleasant dance!—  
 You cried "Pretender!" and the blood  
 Rose hot into their face:  
 These were the men who, beggar-like,  
 Filled church and market-place.

With slinking heads the old lords went  
 To take coach at the door;  
 They would not stay for stirrup-cup,  
 But hurried to the shore.  
 The ferry-boats were filled that night  
 With muffled men in black,  
 And every northern road was choked  
 With horsemen spurring back.

I shuddered when the sheriff came  
 Unto the market-place;  
 The scaffolds grew around the Cross,  
 Stern was the hangman's face.  
 All night the sullen hammers went;  
 And when the day grew white,  
 They brought the wounded creatures out—  
 The relics of the fight.

## THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

FIFTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION.

THE "Old Society" maintains its ancient preëminence, the members keeping pace well with the times, and endeavouring to render nature truly, and obtain in their works brilliancy, force, depth, and colour. Much of this merit is due to the constant presence here of the pictures of that wonderful veteran W. Hunt, of facetious and truth-painting immortality. May he live for ever! The productions of each year are as perfect as those of the last. He obtains infinite variety, beauty, and truth out of the humblest elements, because he faithfully renders what he sees of God's work, neither meddling nor making. There is no spot in England that has been painted more frequently, or by greater painters, than Richmond Hill; nevertheless we doubt if it ever was more beautifully treated than in this artist's little picture, No. 306, which is most admirable for brightness, minuteness, and truth. We might dwell for an hour upon this small jewel. A great artist can combine the abstract beauty of Titian's colour with the finish of Van Eyck upon three toadstools and a handful of moss. Take No. 244, "Fungi," for an example: it consists of some brilliant crimson-scarlet coloured fungi, a gray-green ivy-leaf, some dried moss and dead foliage of last year's fall; the first marvellously fleshy and perfect, the second blue where parts of its surface reflect the sky, purplish in the mature portions, and greener where less developed: the varied tints of moss and deeper brown of the perished foliage complete a perfect and exquisite picture. No. 232, "Fruit," consists of some green and purple plums, grapes, and a peach. "Wild-Flowers," No. 298, are as exquisite as the artist always makes them. In No. 327, "A Branch of May," is a delightful harmony of colour, obtained by the pale purple and white of the flowers, the bright green of the leaves, and the brown of the marly earth behind.

Mr. S. P. Jackson is a marine painter whose powers are unequally exercised: "Dead Calm,—Far at Sea," No. 1; a level sea rolling in long heavens that rock a great ship lying in the picture, her sails languid against the masts, and upon them the fiery light of the sinking sun. The vessel and the effect of the atmosphere are so well rendered, that we regret to notice the dead leaden colour of the water, which is posi-



tively untrue. "Leigh Boats,—Shrimping," by G. H. Andrews, No. 31, is an extremely spirited rendering of the sea in rough weather; a marked contrast with the last in truth of water-surface. "The Morning after the Gale," by E. Duncan, No. 30, shows a vessel waterlogged and dismantled, the rough waves weltering over her deck, pieces of wreck floating about, and boats from the shore surrounding her. The painting of the cliffs and lofty peaks of the distance is extremely fine; but the most admirable part of this meritorious picture is the sky, which is rolling in great masses of mist, and shedding through an enormous gap that looks like a crater a flood of soft and hazy light.

No. 4, "The Piazzetta, Venice," by W. Callow, takes us from the misty northern sea to the still sunny light of steadfast unvarying Italian day. This is an extremely brilliant little picture: a glare of whitish light lies on the pavement and the buildings,—an effect so simple and so truthfully rendered, that it will attract attention by purity of tint. No. 104, "The Leaning Towers of Bologna," is a spirited little work, but showing how the artist has been misled by his own facility: the towers are very unsubstantial and shadowy edifices. His finest work, on the whole, is doubtless No. 217,—"The Keep, Castle-Rising, Norfolk,"—where he has obtained great grandeur of effect out of the simplest materials,—merely a Norman porch and ancient wall, which, but for the prevalence of a gloomy gray tone, would be positively beautiful, as it is broad and impressive. The venerable name of David Cox is as conspicuous as ever here, his works showing him to possess undiminished force of tone and power of execution. No. 15, "Snowdon, from Capel Cûrig," is a grand effect of rolling masses of clouds entangled amongst mountain-peaks; a picture the vigour and spirit of which it would be difficult sufficiently to praise. "Snowdon," No. 18, is equally fine. No. 117, "Kenilworth," is of course painted according to the artist's idiosyncrasy for rolling heavy clouds, &c.; but in force and true rendering of that effect we have seldom seen this work equalled even by himself. The beautiful manner in which the face of the towers in the proud castle of the Dudley is lighted by a pallid reflection is really admirable.

T. M. Richardson is a painter who scarcely contents himself with the modesty and beauty of nature. His "Como," No. 22,—a large and striking picture,—looks artificially brilliant, and lacks solidity and truthful force. His "On the Coast at St. Leonard's, Sussex," No. 273, is incomparably better and truer: a stiff "sou'-wester" has been blowing, and the waves come upon the shelving shore, and thundering, break roll behind roll, spreading a cloud of smothering spray. So true is this little work, and so artificial the other, that one might surmise the painter had never seen Como, but carefully studied the waves at St. Leonard's. An intensely brilliant view of a canal under Italian sunlight is Alfred Fripp's "The Maddolina and Church of St. Rocco, Olivano—Midday," No. 37, a work executed with truth and spirit. We cannot say so much for No. 101, "Evening in the Abruzzi Mountains," Alfred D. Fripp, which displays the usual Italian youth, with the usual pipe and pious expression. We really think the time has come for putting down the painting of *contadinas*, at least when the artist will make their eyes larger than their mouths: there is a flagrant example by this artist in No. 179, "Contadina of Subiaco." We suspect the two last-named artists are the same person; but the catalogue, which is very carelessly compiled, names them as we do: let the former have the benefit of the doubt. Mr. G. Fripp is an artist of very different metal: his "On the River Conway, N. Wales," No. 129,—a ravine worn by the current,—although rather dingy in colour, is very true and effective. The same may be said for No. 162, "On the Marsh, Pevensey, Sussex."

Mr. C. Branwhite, generally a most literal and skilful painter of frost-scenes, has departed from that long established custom of his, and executed a very meretricious and artificial picture, called "Ferry near Cookham, on the Thames," No. 27: his "Moel Siabod, N. Wales," No. 20,

and No. 46, "A Mountain Torrent—late in Autumn," are less obnoxious to this charge, and more worthy of his name. By Arthur Glennie, is a very powerful and effective sunlight of an Italian subject, treated somewhat in the manner of Linton, from the well-known ruin on the Via Nomentana, Rome, styled "Sedia del Diavolo," or the Devil's Chair: one side of a circular classic tomb having fallen inwards, suggesting a rude resemblance to a vast chair of brick. Another curious subject, painted also with much skill, is No. 172, by W. Turner, "View from Quiraing,"—a crater-like hollow in the hill, near Steinsholl Bay, Skye,—the islands of Rona and Rasay in the distance. We are standing in the hollow, and the vast walls of the long-cold crater rise on either side; far below we see the shore, and ocean rippling upon its margin, the sky purple with the light of dying day, and all the beach and water of a dull amethystine colour. C. Davidson is here as usual with his brilliant greens from truest English scenery: "At Hastings, Sussex," No. 124, is beautiful and true, as his works always are. "The Sands at Boulogne," No. 144, is a new phase, but equally interesting. "A Cornfield, Saltwood, near Hythe, Kent," No. 203, is especially fascinating. "Early Spring," No. 107, is very delightful; and in No. 161, "At Betchworth, Surrey," we discover almost the perfection of his style. This is a delicious study of spring-time: some gigantic hedge-row elms are just breaking forth into leaf, the tender bright-green of their foliage not being sufficiently dense to hide the enormous limbs of the trees. The subject is the simplest thing in the world,—just a hedge, trees, grass at foot, a farm-road, and white and gray English spring-sky,—but so painted and so truthful that one might rest before it for an hour.

No. 12, "The Watering-Place," by P. J. Naftel, so well known of late for his admirable renderings of Guernsey scenery, is one of the most effective and faithful sunlight pictures we have seen in water-colour: for brilliancy, truth, and potentiality of tint, it will hardly be surpassed; meriting also much consideration for the exquisite rendering of variety of foliage as affected by the sunlight. "Roquaine Bay, Guernsey," No. 53, a marine view, is equally excellent. No. 164, "The Fisherman's Cottage," is a very brilliant and spirited study from a similar locality. No. 190, "Portalet Harbour, West Coast of Guernsey,"—showing a rocky shore under an evening effect of sunlight sinking behind clouds, with reflected light from the sky upon pools of shallow water, and a high coast,—is extremely various, and rich in tint and tone.

Mr. J. Nash has secured himself a reputation for his delineations of ancient manor-houses: his principal work this year is "Tomb of the Black Prince, Canterbury Cathedral," No. 39. We never saw this locality, so often chosen, painted with greater reality. "Nelson at Yarmouth," by W. Collingwood, has great claims to become a formidable rival to the last-named artist's works. It shows the interior of a room in the ancient house of the Bradshawes (now the Star Hotel), wherein Nelson was received when he landed at that town after the battle of the Nile. A portrait of the great naval hero was painted on that occasion in this room, where it still hangs. Mr. Collingwood, with great judgment, has represented an artist receiving a sitting for this. The figures are extremely well conceived, and the room itself admirably executed.

"The Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice" (exterior), No. 128, by E. A. Goodall, is not only an admirable and vivid picture, rendering a Venetian locality with great spirit and variety of colour, but interesting as showing the proper position of the famous statue of Bartolommeo Colloni, by Andrea Verrocchio; the last work of that great master, of which there is now a cast in the Crystal-Palace transept. It is perceptible that the proper position of this marvellous work is upon a lofty pedestal, where it is far more effective than upon the comparatively dwarf one at Sydenham.

No. 11, "Fortune-Telling: There's Luck in the Cup," by Octavius Oakley, is a scene at a breakfast-table, where two young ladies have been amusing themselves with inquiring into the future by divining from coffee-grounds; one



is seated at table, the other leans against the mantel-shelf. The former, on behalf of the latter, consults the augury, and looking up with a smile, announces a favourable prediction; the countenance of the latter expresses a sort of vague satisfaction, but not much belief. The *pose* of both these ladies is very elegant, the combination of their figures good in point of composition, and the faces and the expressions are excellent. The varied accessories of the background—the furniture of the room, the service on the table—are also painted with skilful care; the picture containing moreover a pretty and suitable style of colour, which illustrates and is well in keeping with the subject. "A Fisherman's House at Guernsey," No. 56, by the same, merits somewhat similar praise. "La Blanchisseuse," No. 75, is full of character; and, with No. 94, "A Guernsey Rustic," deserves much praise.

The new President of this Society, Mr. F. Tayler, has an unusual number of pictures, all displaying his skilful and suggestive power of sketching, which is so effective that we only regret he does not care to execute with more labour and deliberation. No. 33, "A Highland Gillie, with Dogs and Black Game," is a subject wherein the artist is fully at home. The gillie leads the dogs in a leash, and bears the game over his shoulder; the boy's face is excellently expressive of the genuine character of a Highland youth, and the whole work full of spirit. "The Return from the Cattle-Market, Scotland," No. 83, is a picture not without humour. No. 132, "Otter-hunting in the Highlands,—crossing a Ferry," is one of the most excellent works by the artist we have seen for a long while. No. 261, "A Summer's Day in the Highlands,—Cattle in the Water," and "Highland Sport," No. 276, are also extremely good.

Mr. Carl Haag improves year by year, and has obtained a power of using water-colours with a force and tone no way inferior to oil. The pigment can, it appears to us, go no farther in these respects than it had reached in the hands of this artist, when he painted a very extraordinary work,—numbered here 23, "Bürgermeister's Tochter of Salzburg,"—a most luminously painted head of a pretty German girl, wearing a dark coif and green dress. There is a sort of frank clearness of look about this girl's face for which the artist deserves all possible thanks; it does one good to look at any thing so wholesome and sound in the way of art. The solidity and depth of colour which have been obtained are really very extraordinary, and a remarkable improvement over two similar works exhibited in this gallery last year. Admirable as these were, the fault which seems ordinarily to beset the painter, of hotness and disregard of gray and green, was very noticeable. The "Bürgermeister's Tochter," however, has precisely that proportion of those exquisitely delicate tints that renders a work next to perfect in colour. The rich blood running in the girl's cheek is admirably expressed, as also are the pure bright reflections cast upon the face by some object beyond the picture; a means of obtaining luminosity and vigour which has been more than once before practised by the painter, but never with such success as herein, where the cause is perfectly discernible even to the least thoughtful observer. It is surprising that a painter of such singular power of expressing truth of surface, light, and colour, should so far forget the depth and genuineness of his affection for simplicity and nature whenever he attempts a composition. The picture, No. 191, "Tyrolese Huntsman and Mountain Girl,"—a huntsman sitting at the door of a cottage playing upon a sort of dulcimer, for the benefit of a robust damsel,—is, notwithstanding many singular claims to praise, utterly false and meretricious. Profoundly devoid of truth of light, in colour glaring and tawdry, monotonous and coarse in handling to the last degree, the spirit of the design is considerable, the expressions good enough, and the models chosen are handsome; but the whole picture is in an immeasurably inferior order of taste as well as of execution to the "Bürgermeister's Tochter." This artist has several other works here, the most noticeable of which are No. 19, "Tyrolese Carrier," and No. 126, "In the Sabine Hills."

L. L.

## ITALIAN PEASANTS.

By CHARLES H. WEIGALL.

THE pictorial idea of an Italian peasant's life is here represented; he is one of those happy idlers on the face of the earth who occupy themselves with the care of innocent sheep, lies out in the sun all day, basking on the ground, occasionally relieving the tedium of his existence by a gossiping flirtation with a woman of the same class. Here he lies recumbent near by one of those old fountains which the enterprise and prudence of his Roman progenitors, or the piety and taste of those of the middle ages, have left for his comfort in these days, when no Italian, as is said, takes the trouble to repair, still less to re-erect them. So they fall into decay from century to century; and the stream, which was conducted with such science and care to supply them, narrows its bed, gradually fails in volume, and, as is too often the case, ceases altogether to perform its service to man. The shepherds and goat-herdsmen abandon the spot to keep to the borders of some shrunken stream; and the pleasant place of many a dance and rustic merry-making becomes silent, desolate, and deserted. Joyful people nevermore gather round the ancient time-worn stones, that have so often re-echoed back the sounds of jest and laughter. But for the happy climate, which dominates, and in some measure conquers, even decay itself, the glorious land of Italy would become as barren, empty, and hungry as that of Arabia, once as fertile and happy as it now is miserable and accursed. The cause of this may not be far to seek, but the result is no less certain than lamentable: effortless the Italians seem, except of violent and ill-regulated action.

These are fit types of but too many of the race. The man came out of his miserable poverty-stricken hut in the morning, without change of idea or prospect of variety for the day's action; drove the sheep and goats to the old pasture, brought out his little food for the day, listlessly laid himself down in the sun, watched the clouds above or the eternal blue of the sky, noted the flight of birds, the course of the wind, with the same interest that he had regarded the like phenomena five hundred times before. Some small instruction that he might have got in youth from the convent-school, not too liberal or diffuse, fast faded away in the monotony of such an existence, only refreshed by the visit of a begging friar on his journey through the district, bringing stalest gossip from the neighbouring towns, or refreshing his memory upon the legends of imaginary saints. At noon he gets his dinner,—bread, goat-cheese, with olives now and then. Thus the day goes, till the evening brings the late and long-looked-for visit of some of the women, bent, like the priest and himself, on the delights of a gossip. She herself, as vacant-minded as he, had looked forward to the evening interchange of their no-thoughts with the same eager anticipation through her more varied day's employments. When the happy hour arrived at last, they met by instinct almost at the fountain-side. Then comes the torrent of talk, voluble as the sweet Italian language ran from their lips,—but such vacant speech! What were the flirtations; what Teresa had done, what Carlo said; the love-making of Giuseppe and Beatrice; above all, a thrilling account of the preparations for the next feast-day; how the mail had been robbed in the mountains, who had the spoil, who were the robbers; who had been hung, who shot, by the Austrians here, there, or any where; the emperor, the pope, the grand duke, the prince, the count of this or that,—all are discussed, their lives and probable deaths, the doings of every body down to the dog of the herdsman. So the talk runs on till the dusk, when she shoulders her pitcher of graceful and immemorial shape, to fill which with water from the spring had been the excuse of her visit; and he gathered his sheep together, and drove them to the fold over the plain that had once been the heritage of the Roman, and upon which the still earnest stars looked down as of old.

L. L.





ITALIAN PEASANTS. BY CHARLES H. WEIGALL.



16 JU 58



## THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

## THE FIFTH.

"The English have a scornful insular way  
Of calling the French light."

So says Mrs. Browning, in *Aurora Leigh*; adding, that the attribute of levity is only in the judgment that pronounces it. If we were to judge by their respective schools of art, comparing this exhibition with that of the Royal Academy, the conviction would be forced upon us, that not only are the French people infinitely more domestic in their habits than ourselves, but that they possess far deeper powers of thought and feeling. The comparison will not hold, however; for this exhibition is a close one, chosen to suit the tastes of a smaller and more refined order of society than those to which the larger and more striking Royal-Academy display can afford to appeal. Undoubtedly the French works are calmer and graver in colour, and, with few exceptions, broader and more powerful in tone and effect than those of the English. Their colour, when such a quality has been attempted at all, is never bad, and under no circumstances tawdry and glaring; a notable and noble quality.

The larger number of works here are of domestic subjects, their quietude suiting the prevalent style of execution. The artist who attracted most deserved admiration here last year, Edouard Frere,—whose exquisite little pictures had something so homely and affectionate, as it were, about them, that each spectator became more and more delighted as he viewed them the oftener,—is equally admirable this year. There they are, quiet, subdued, demure little bits of domestic life, so common, that one might almost be excused for slighting them for their very homeliness; but look into them, and see how cunning is the simplicity of the artist. Take No. 60, "The Cradle;" merely a young mother sitting by the bed of her child, busy at the needle, just within reach of the cradle-shoe, so that she can rock it softly with her foot when the little one stirs. Look at the face enclosed by that red kerchief, the only piece of bright colour in the picture. See the expression of those young eyes,—what an infinity of the maternal *storge* there is in those quiet, drooped, and level lids! what quiet and content! what human happiness! See how calm and sober the whole little picture is, truly worth an acre of melodrama. Turn to No. 59, "Children shelling Peas," and see how busy they are at their little job, like birds. Look at No. 63; that boy whom they have named the "Little Epicure," with what unhesitating gusto, determined to prolong the joy, he proceeds to consume that slice of bread-and-jam! It would cover the whole space of this article if we dwelt at length upon the quiet little subtleties that abound in these works, and those others by the same hand,—"The Milkmaid" and "The Gleaner."

Antoine E. Plassan is another artist of this class, who, if not equal to Frere, falls short of him only in the perfect quietude and fitting simplicity we have named as the latter's characteristic. "The Return from Nurse," No. 126, shows a child whose nurse has brought the little one home, her office ended. The child clings to the nurse, the mother *de jure*, while the mother *de facto* strives in vain to win it to her. There is a sort of longing upon this last woman's face, a pain and disappointment, which conveys to us the painter's thought on the vile custom for which she is now suffering part of the punishment. Rather pallid in colour, but full of character, is No. 130, "The Music-Lesson," by this artist. A somewhat stupid pupil has forgotten her lesson, and the old master stands with suppressed irritation upon his face. In our recent review of the Crystal-Palace Exhibition, we took pleasure in expressing admiration for two little works by Desire Langee: he has two here, No. 97, "The Young Amateurs," and "The Tired Gleaner," No. 98. In the former, two children have entered a studio, and are busily examining a large painting. This is a pleasing work, of good quality of colour and character. The latter picture may be taken for an example of a French land-

scape, and will show to us how much they possess in that branch of art, and how much they miss. They possess breadth and scientific *chiaroscuro*; but they miss individuality of character, truth of detail, and truth of colour. Look at this picture, which is a sunlight, and see how untrue those shadows are which fall on the road whereby the tired gleaner is resting. The sky is blue, but the shadows are only a dingier brown than the road itself; a manifest impossibility. The execution is effective, certainly; but it is little else than a sketch. The habit of always sketching is the bane of the French school. Had this picture been any thing more than a sketch, the observation and manual dexterity (which last costs such pains to acquire) it shows to be the gift of the artist would have taught him truth of colour as well as command of hand.

"The Convalescent," No. 161, by Trayer, a woman reading to her sick friend, is a picture of similar qualities to those of Edouard Frere,—as are his "Needle-Girls," No. 162, two girls knitting. Although rather coarse in execution, "A Market-Day in Brittany," by the same, No. 160, shows various groups of country people seated in a covered market-place: the colour is dead and pallid, and the whole scene lacks that bustle and confused brightness proper to such subjects; it might truly be a scene in a model prison, or Friends' meeting-house, for all the vivacity displayed therein. "The Sick Child," No. 12, by Brion, is an example of quietest art, wherein a good and simple character has been maintained. A picture displaying considerable merit of colour and tone, especially for the skilful use of black,—a rare quality,—is No. 34, by Decamps, entitled "The Zingari,"—some gipsies located in a ruin.

The French School is famous for preserving a peculiar character in works of the dramatic class, wherein they come nearer than any other modern school to the singular ease and dignity of design which distinguished the Venetians of the most luxurious period; that is to say, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintorett. Without, of course, intending a comparison with the works of these great painters, we may point an example of our meaning in No. 155, "The Duet," by Alfred Stevens,—a musician and a lady; one with a violoncello, about which there is a sombre richness and inner heat of colour, together with an ease and *abandon* of design, and broad comprehensive style of treatment, which mark a masterly power in the artist, and produce a reminiscence of the later Venetian school. M. Stevens has a name for his success in this peculiar manner. We may regret, however, that he rather lacks modesty of colour; the sweet cool half tones, which are the charm of the works of his prototypes, are apt to be neglected by him. Another revival of an elder school may be observed in No. 36, "The Spanish Guitar," by Louis Devedeux,—two lovers seated on a bank; one of those Arcadian subjects, which, in spite of one's prejudices for truth and realism, please by the very audacity of their theatrical quality. The lady has her back to her lover, and sits nursing one knee in a gracefully easy *pose*. The colour is dashing without being tawdry, and powerful without coarseness. It is an excellent imitation of the elder French style of the last century.

There is a class of admirers of paintings who are never content unless they inspect a picture with a magnifying-glass of great power, when, if they cannot distinguish the strokes of the brush, they are satisfied that it is a fine work, and, as they say, "wonderfully finished." The absurdity of this proceeding is clear, when we consider that there is not the slightest difficulty in painting under a magnifying-glass, and that of course the work so executed will stand the test of our hypercritics. Vast sums are given for such pictures, which have really no other merit than that of minute and delicate execution, and display no qualities but those in which a photograph is far superior. Take the works of the famous Meissonier, for instance, the list of whose honours fills five lines of the Catalogue. They are No. 108, "The Study,"—a man reading a book in an unfurnished room; and No. 109, "A Courtier,"—a dingy vulgar-looking man stand-



ing upright, in a suit of brick-red and dust colour. These would be admirable works as portraits, which doubtless they are; but however minute they may be in execution, their merit lies only in the mechanical part—finish, not thought or observation; for if examined, it will be seen that the shadows are untrue in colour, and oftentimes cast falsely, and the predominance of opaque hot colour is really painful to the educated eye. "Sailors at Rest," by Eugene Poitevin, No. 104, represents some sailors grouped about a fishing-vessel which has been drawn out of reach of the waves upon the beach of a fishing-port. It is hardly a good example of the artist's skill, being opaque and heavy in colour; his works here last year were far more characteristic.

Most dramatic in treatment as well as in subject are some of the pictures here by Pierre Le Comte. No. 26 is "Benvenuto Cellini receiving the Visit of Francis I.," which that artist records thus: "I had just got home, and was beginning to work, when the king made his appearance at my castle-gate. Upon hearing the sound of so many hammers, he commanded his retinue to be silent. All my people were at work, so that the king came upon us quite unexpectedly. As he entered the saloon, the first object he perceived was myself, with a large piece of plate in my hand, which I had not yet placed, and which was to make the body of Jupiter (a statue); another was employed on the head, another on the legs, so that the shop resounded with the beating of hammers. Whilst I was at work, as I had a little French boy in the shop, who had some way or other offended me, I gave him a kick that drove him four cubits forward towards the door, so that when the king entered, the boy fell against him; the good monarch laughed heartily, and I was in the utmost confusion." We quote this passage from the autobiography to show what the painter has omitted in his picture, not choosing to make the awful personage of Francis I. at all ridiculous; consequently the picture might be a representation of any body visiting any body else in his workshop. Francis resembles the portraits only in the length of his nose; and Cellini does not resemble those that have come to us at all. No. 27, "Jeanne D'Albret (mother of Henry IV.) buying from René, the Court Mercer, the Gloves poisoned by order of Catherine de' Medici:" this was one of the reported causes of the death of that noble woman. The painter shows the interior of a shop of that age; Jeanne, whose face is very successful in likeness and character, is trying on the gloves; Catherine sits beside her, beautiful and unmoved, the colour fixed in her cheek. There is a great deal of good expression about this picture; but No. 28, "The Sorceress," has more technical merit, especially in colour. It represents an Egyptian enchantress performing an incantation before a girl; she is pouring some fiery liquid into a glass vessel, which is placed within a circle of charms. The quaint grotesqueness of this work, and its powerful tone, make it very noticeable and far more spirited than No. 25, "Religious Controversy,"—representing the attempted conversion of Lady Jane Grey,—to our eyes a very tame affair.

The most important work in the whole exhibition is, beyond doubt, Ary Scheffer's "Margaret at the Fountain," from *Faust*, No. 139,—the scene where she hears the mocking remarks of the girls upon the shame of one of their companions, getting thereby some prognostication of her own fate when her fault comes to be discovered. The face of Margaret, which is turned towards us, is inexpressibly lovely and very pure. The overwhelming languor of horror at herself, which has seized upon her at the words spoken, shadows itself in her eyes, the lids of which refuse to lift themselves to the light, as though they would seek to hide the misery of the soul they express so perfectly. Surprise and horror and pain are all expressed in this extraordinary painting of a face, wherein, as is almost always the case with this artist's works, the whole interest of the subject has been concentrated. His other picture, "Faust holding the poisoned Cup," No. 140, is rather melodramatic in design, and very dingy in colour.

Rosa Bonheur is head and chief of French landscape-

painters; her works this year are fully worthy of her, indeed we may congratulate ourselves that a strongly increasing tendency to realism of execution manifests itself. "The Plough," No. 7,—a very favourite subject,—represents a pair of oxen dragging a rude plough through some rich stiff ground, with the dead strong pull known to ploughmen, which does not slacken before an obstacle, but maintains the strain until something gives way, be it obstacle or harness. There is a great deal of rich colour about this picture, and immense atmospheric truth: two haystacks placed in the field show how true an observer the artist is; the upper side, which inclines to the sky, reflecting its blueness upon the thatch; the under side taking reflection from the warmer ground about it. The colour of the shadow, which is cast directly backwards towards us from the team and the ploughman, falling on the rich brown earth, is purply from the reflection of the blue sky; the shape of this shadow is, however, untruly painted, as any one may discover who endeavours to account for it by considering the position of the sun. One hardly knows whether to admire most Rosa Bonheur's landscapes or her animals: here is one of the latter, a dog, named "Barbaro," No. 8, one of the most admirable canine representations we have seen, comparable only with the masculine power of execution observable in Snyders; and for that quality infinitely superior to Landseer, whose dogs are all gentlemen, and not such unsophisticated fellows as this heavy lurcher, who lunges out his head and looks at us with lowering eyes. The texture of the hair is admirably rendered; and the whole picture, though consisting mainly of white and gray, is notably brilliant and powerful. No. 5, "Turkeys," by Juliette Bonheur, is capitally given, with all the gloss and sheen on the feathers of those redoubtable animals.

Among the landscapes we may note a very tawdry glaring picture, supposed to represent sunlight; but, it not being painted on scientific principles, we can only recognise a great display of dirty deep-chrome colour, and a good deal of vermilion and brown, on a canvas numbered 17; the whole being a peculiarly unsatisfactory representation of "Constantinople—Evening Prayer," an entirely offensive picture. Compare with this the sweet cool tones and simple beauty of Lambinet's landscapes; an artist who endeavours to understand what he paints, and knows well that he shall not obtain the brightest effect by using only a conglomeration of bright pigments. His "Burnham Beeches," No. 82, is extremely fine: a truly English landscape, being a remarkable success in power of light, especially in the distant parts, which are admirable. Very true is "The Road to Datchet," No. 83, showing the banks of the Thames on a fresh summer evening, when the river runs level and bright. Noticeable also are No. 85, "Near a Farm,—Valley of Chevreuse;" and No. 88, "Etang de Cerney," a piece of water over which is a ferry, painted with delightful truth and naturalism. Eugene Lambert's "Souvenir de Fontainebleau," No. 81, a view of a beech-wood, whose shining silver trunks twine in the shadow of the foliage in such numbers, and so softly (for colour), that the whole picture assumes an air of mysterious beauty, very bewildering and very bewitching.

L. L.

### THE FLOWER-GIRL.

By MRS. THORNYCROFT.

Mrs. THORNYCROFT is a sculptor who, having been educated in a sound and severe school of art, executes her works with precision, knowledge, and care. The clearness of line which distinguishes the little work before us is thoroughly significant of this, as the reader may observe by considering that sharp purity of the features, which do not derive their characteristic forms from the Roman or the Greek schools of sculpture; Mrs. Thornycroft having too much self-reliance, independence, and taste to reproduce, as is too frequently done, the very moulds of form used by the classic carvers. She





THE FLOWER-GIRL. BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

has accordingly wrought out for herself from nature and feeling an idea of form, which, being pure and severe, is expressive, natural, and beautiful. Her works never exhibit the attitudinising of design so common in modern sculpture, but mostly gain dignity from simplicity, and beauty from naturalness. The "Flower-Girl" half sits, half leans, and with ingenuousness looks at the spectator, without cringing or affectation of grace. It is the perception of the beauty of simplicity which distinguishes the genuine artist; and among such Mrs. Thornycroft deservedly holds a high place. This statue is at the Exhibition of the Works of Female Artists at the Egyptian Hall, in which gallery is the cast of another work by the same hand we hope to engrave soon, the "Skipping Girl," which is not only beautiful, but popular: there is also a cast of it in the collection of English sculpture at the Brompton Museum. L. L.

## THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

TWENTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION.

Our review of this exhibition will be brief; for amongst the works here there are, to travesty Wordsworth's famous line, "very few to praise, and none to love." A remarkable grayness and woolliness pervades the whole display, making a comparison between this and other galleries very unfavourable to the former.

To describe Mr. L. Haghe's pictures is superfluous; every one knows that they always consist of very spiritedly

designed figures introduced in old baronial halls or *hôtels-de-ville*. No. 64, "The Drinking-Song," is of this class; a party of roisterers regaling in a large hall: the whole depicted with much force, and no doubt much propriety of costume; the heads various and good. No. 85, "The Spy: Scene in the Archbishop's Room of the Castle of Salzburg:" a detected spy has been brought before a council; the man himself an especially truculent fellow with red hair; the accessories, if not very elaborate and true, yet powerfully executed. No. 172, "The Drill," shows a party of troopers in a hall, one veteran putting a dog through his exercise. This work pleases us best of those we have seen by the artist for a long while, displaying much dramatic power and variety of character. Another painter and student of archæology is Mr. E. H. Courbould: his principal work, No. 218, is of a singular subject; nothing less than the performance on a miracle-play in the streets of Hull in the fourteenth century: the theme of the drama "Noah." The stage is set up in the middle of the street, and the patriarch and his family are seen in full costume. All the accessories of this picture display intimate knowledge of antiquity; would we could say as much for the novelty of the design, which contains but the usual incidents of the armed knight looking at the pretty girl, the astonished rustics, the pages, the ladies, the merchants, &c. Not an atom of study of genuine human character has been superadded to all this knowledge of costume, and very little solid artistic power, but a meretricious showy dash of execution. Our wonder with Mr. Haghe is, how, with his facility, dramatic power, and learning, he can content himself with such small matters; but with Mr. E.



H. Courbould it astonishes us that his productions are called paintings at all.

Mr. H. Warren is an ambitious painter, whose works display a showy brilliancy, which is more dazzling than powerful; he is apt to forget that strong colours are not always truth, and that effect is oftener to be obtained by thought and knowledge than by exhausting the palette upon his picture. "The Song of the Georgian Maiden," No. 182, shows the interior of a Hhareem: a "Georgian maiden," whose eyes are considerably larger than her mouth, is singing her loudest to a Persian king, one Selim, who, surrounded by ladies, listens to the music. The finish of this picture is more apparent than real, the look of elaboration being gained by intense variety of pigment, not considerate and learned management thereof. One-half the labour that does exist, and three times the thought employed, would have produced a good picture. To show how an artist should be on his guard in painting otherwise than with the utmost fidelity to nature, the visitor should turn to No. 308, by this artist, "The Bargain with the Guide,"—a traveller across the desert bargaining with the guide for protection. The figures are designed with great spirit, far more genuinely than in the last instance. To illustrate the painter's thoughtless method of execution,—which we should not trouble ourselves to lament if there were not other merits in his work,—let us look at the shadows cast upon the reddish sand from the bodies of some camels who stand behind; these shadows are positive purple. Now it is a physical law that accidental shadows receive colour from the surface reflecting upon them, therefore the sky above gives the key. Were the sky here blue, it would therefore mingle that tint with the reddish-yellow of the sand, and a purple might be produced; but the sky is pale brass-colour, leaving us at a loss to account for that of the shadows in question. The artist has learned the fact that sun-shadows are sometimes blue or purple, but does not understand the law by which they are produced. "The Lingerer by the sweet Nile," a night effect,—an Arab loitering with his camel on the banks,—pleases us far above either of the artist's more pretentious works.

Mr. Bouvier presents us with the usual selection of bare-legged, bare-bosomed dolls, standing on one foot, and simpering. "The Painting of the Vicar of Wakefield's Family Picture," W. H. Kearney, No. 212, shows great discrimination of character, Mrs. Primrose's face being most excellent. The soundest figure-picture, on the whole, in these rooms is No. 258, "An Andalusian Mendicant," W. K. Keeling,—a single figure, painted with the extremest truth and spirit. A very expressive little work is No. 54, a mother looking at her infant in the cradle.

The landscapes that are most honest are those by Thomas Sutcliffe. No. 110, "Light and Shade,"—sunlight in a country churchyard,—is very admirable, various in colour, and truthful in detail; for these qualities, "A Sketch in Wensley Church," an interior, may be admired also; and still more (although not so brilliant in effect as the first-named work) "The Elm and Thistle, Wensley," No. 203,—a sketch by the road-side. "In the Forest of Dean," No. 207, by E. Warren, is a very effective and forcible work, not absolutely genuine in its pretensions to elaborateness, but at a little distance vigorous as a good photograph, and exhibiting qualities which we hope may be improved by sedulous study in the course the artist—a young man—has begun so well. "Sunset at Swansea Bay," No. 31, by T. Lindsay, shows a freshwater stream finding its way through the bare sea-sand left by the tide; a work of much knowledge, care, and skill. The manner in which the force of the streamlet has cut a path through the sand is capitally given,—here impinging upon a curve to cause a miniature cliff, there sliding over a lower level, and leaving its shallows bare. The sky and distance are not less excellent.

"A View of the Bass Rock,"—an early summer-morning effect,—No. 18, by J. W. Whymper, is, although lacking colour, very tasteful and pretty. The mists are rising from

the sea at its foot, and the clouds gathering on the summit of the mighty mass; so that we have a novel and delicately-rendered effect. "Buckbarrow," a mountain in Cumberland, No. 44, by J. Fahey, shows considerable power of execution most honourable to the artist. No. 5, "Meadows on the Teign, near Chafford, Devon," by P. Mitchell,—a river passing through meadows, and bordered by bushes and low trees,—has much of the effect of nature, and appears executed with great truth. "The Bay of Naples," No. 114, by T. L. Rowbotham, presents us with an idea of that far-famed locality after it had undergone a thorough purification with the very best Naples soap. The face of Nature has been washed, and shines like that of the famous schoolboy who went "unwillingly to school." Did the artist ever see a spot on this earth so perfectly devoid of atmosphere, colour, and tone, as this pretty labour of his? His "Cetara, in the Gulf of Salerno," No. 130, is obnoxious to the same charges in a less degree. A charming little landscape, by Fanny Steers, will be found numbered 288, "A Cottage near Malvern Wells;" truly a bit of English scenery, painted with affectionate care.

A curious subject has been chosen by Mr. C. Weigall, "Pelicans," wherein some of those birds are standing by the sea-shore; it is executed with much true regard for and delicacy of colour. "A Bunch of Grapes," No. 80, by Mrs. Harrison, merits the same praise. Although lacking clearness and purity of tint, Mrs. Margett's "Lilac and Bird's Nest," No. 275,—a subject she has painted before,—evinces care and feeling.

L. L.

#### PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

An important scientific point has been established at the inquest on the late fire in Gilbert Street, in which no fewer than fifteen persons lost their lives, namely, that the deaths were to some extent attributable to the evolution of arsenical fumes volatilised from minerals belonging to Mr. Calvert. This is an important decision. It tends to confirm the opinions for some time reiterated in British medical journals that paper-hangings coloured with arsenical pigments, of which Scheele's green is the most common example, cannot be employed without detriment to the health of those who inhabit the apartments. So strong have been the convictions of the scientific department of the Prussian police on this point, that for many years past the use in chambers of papers so coloured has been absolutely interdicted; and tradesmen having a stock of this sort of paper on their premises incur, *ipso facto*, a fine. In England, a medical gentleman resident in Birmingham testified not long ago to the effect of paper-hangings of this description on himself. Having caused his study to be hung with a green paper and had gas laid on, he began to experience sufferings very similar to those of arsenical poisoning. He ultimately traced the effects to their true cause, and published an account of the circumstances. Certain interested people denied his logic, and upheld the innocuity of arsenical paper-hangings; but the calamitous result in Gilbert Street will, it may be hoped, tend to limit their use in future.

Such of our readers as are interested in the progress of science will be glad to hear of the continued and increasing prosperity of the Royal Institution,—a society which has perhaps done more to promote scientific research and to diffuse scientific knowledge than all other English societies together for a corresponding period. At the annual meeting held on May 1, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, it was shown that the number of members had increased from 328 to 427, and that the funded property is above 25,000*l*. Authors and publishers had been liberal in their contributions of books; hence, under guidance of the catalogue, arranged by the indefatigable librarian, Mr. Vincent, great facilities were afforded to student-members.

The Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, ever conspicuous for providing high-class lectures, has rarely had a course delivered within its walls of greater value than that



by Professor Owen on fossil reptiles, of which the ninth lecture was perhaps the most interesting. The eminent palæontologist having given a general summary of his previous discourses, observed that of the numerous reptiles which lived in those early times of the earth's history, from the coal deposition to the secondary strata inclusive, there was not one of the same species, nor of the same order,—scarcely, indeed, of the same genus,—as any living reptiles; for though they possessed characteristics sufficiently marked to be classed as reptiles, they differed in certain essential particulars from any of the present day. He then passed on to the consideration of the crocodiles of the oolitic period, and remarked that the characteristic distinction between extinct and living crocodiles consisted in the former being more adapted to marine existence than to frequent rivers and walk upon the shore. The gigantic marine lizards of the chalk formation were especially described; and relative to the head of one of these, the jaws and teeth of which were nearly perfect, discovered by Professor Hoffman near Maestricht, towards the close of the last century, he related the following anecdote: An account of the discovery having been published, the lord of the soil claimed the specimen; and though Dr. Hoffman resisted the demand, the question, on appeal to a legal tribunal, was decided in his favour, and the head was conveyed to his house in Maestricht in 1780. There it remained for ten years, until the French besieged the town, when the scientific commission that accompanied the army ordered that that part of the city where it was known that the precious relic of an extinct reptile was kept should be spared during the bombardment. When Maestricht was captured, the specimen was found, and subsequently conveyed to the Jardin des Plantes, where it is still preserved.

The proceedings of the Society of Civil Engineers have been exceedingly interesting of late. On the 13th of last month Mr. G. Robertson, Assoc. Inst. C.E., communicated the results of his investigations into the theory and practice of hydraulic mortar, as made on the new works of the London-Dock Company, 1856-57, the chief theoretical points touched upon in the paper being in reference to the calcination and slaking of blue-lias lime, and the action of silica in protecting it from solubility and the subsequent absorption of carbonic acid. The building cements of antiquity may be classified generally under the two heads of bituminous and earthy. Modern engineers and architects have almost abandoned the former, and restricted themselves to the use of earthy cements for building purposes, lime being at the basis of most of them. When pure carbonate of lime is burned in a kiln, carbonic acid escapes, as is well known, leaving pure lime. When the latter is treated with water, a portion of this liquid being absorbed, hydrate of lime results, which in its turn rapidly absorbs carbonic acid, generating carbonate of lime, not near so hard as the original marble, but still much harder than either pure lime or its hydrate. In general terms, the hardening of ordinary lime-mortar is referred to the absorption of carbonic acid and the generation of carbonate of lime. The result is partly attributable to other causes. Limestone, such as is generally employed as the raw staple of builder's lime, contains various collateral ingredients, amongst which alumina and silica may be especially particularised. Silica, or more properly speaking, silicic acid, readily unites with lime brought, in the condition of hydrate, in contact with it, especially under friction; whence silicate of lime results. In respect of aerial cements, the generation of silicate of lime is a secondary matter. When, however, the production of a subaqueous cement is in question, then the conditions which regulate the formation of silicate of lime are of great importance to be studied. The object is to prepare a mortar sufficiently insoluble to withstand the solvent action of water, yet sufficiently tenacious to cohere without cracking. These ends are accomplished by incorporating the calcareous and silicious elements to a certain extent, and not beyond, so that the formation of silicate of lime may be perfected after the mortar is laid on. The lecturer explained that, inasmuch

as lime was soluble in water, it must be protected before it could be used in hydraulic works. He examined clay, or silicate of alumina, at length, inasmuch as they exist in all hydraulic limes. He was of opinion that the action of silica did not commence to any extent until subsequently to the complete hydration of the lime. As regards the effect of grinding, it appears that the adhesion of the mortar is increased up to about six hundred revolutions of the pans. Further incorporation injures it, owing to the generation of silicates, with their accompanying result, friability. The density of the mortar continued to increase up to the same point, after which it grew puffy and deteriorated.

In foreign chemical science, the researches of MM. St. Claire Deville and Caron, on a new method of developing the crystalline state in various bodies, are of especial interest. M. St. Claire Deville has been working in this direction for a long time past; and we have presented a summary of his labours in our monthly papers. The last development of his synthetic skill had reference to the crystallisation of boron; he has since extended his field of operations. Adverting to the conjoint labours of himself and M. Caron, M. St. Claire Deville states, that one of the most fertile methods of synthesis adopted by himself and colleague consists in promoting the mutual reaction of volatile metallic fluorides with oxides, either fixed or volatile. As there do not exist many absolutely fixed metallic fluorides, this reaction is almost always possible. The first example cited of crystalline development thus produced by the French investigators is the white corundum. It is very readily prepared, and in the condition of fine crystals, by filling a charcoal crucible with fluoride of aluminium, underneath which is laid a small platinum capsule filled with boric acid. The charcoal crucible, well protected by a cover from air, is heated to whiteness for about an hour. The vapours of fluoride of aluminium and boracic acid mingle in the free space existing between the two substances, and suffer mutual decomposition, yielding corundum and fluoride of boron. Rubies are obtained with remarkable facility by a process similar to the foregoing, the only difference consisting in the addition of a little fluoride of chromium to the fluoride of aluminium, and in substituting a crucible of alumina for one of charcoal, the boric acid being laid upon a capsule of platinum. The ruddy violet tint of these artificial rubies exactly resembles the colour of the natural gem, and is attributable to the sesquioxide of chrome. Sapphires are produced under conditions similar to rubies, being also coloured by oxide of chrome. The only difference between the two operations consists in the proportions of colouring-matter, perhaps also in the state of oxidation of the chrome. Analysis has not fully cleared up the latter doubt. Green corundum results when the quantity of oxide of chrome is very considerable. MM. St. Claire Deville and Caron's crystalline productions have extended to crystallised oxide of iron, zirconium, cymophane or chrysoberyl, gahnite, staurotide, and many silicates.

M. Bogdanow has made known to the Parisian Academy of Sciences some curious experimental results relating to the coloration of birds' feathers. The fact has long been known that the brilliant colours visible upon most feathers, and perhaps all shells, are purely optical, caused by the interference of light. This point has been completely demonstrated by taking an impression of a feather or shell surface in sealing-wax, when the latter glowed with the original colours. Nevertheless, optical coloration is not the only kind to which the tints of feathers are due. M. Bogdanow's experiments lead him to divide feathers into two groups: ordinary feathers, that is to say, those which retain the same colour whether viewed as transparent objects or by reflection; and optical feathers, which present various phenomena, according as they are studied in one or the other manner. The coloration of ordinary feathers is due to the presence of a pigment, always capable of isolation. The pigments are divisible into two groups, presenting chemical qualities altogether different: the first group comprehends yellow, red, and lilac pigments,—the green pigment is only



soluble in alcohol or in ether; the second division contains only a black pigment, soluble in ammonia and in potash. M. Bogdanow surmises that the zoomelanine, or black pigment, may be identical with melanine, or black colouring-matter found in the choroid membrane. Optical feathers, as he calls them, yield brown and green pigments only, identical with pigments of the same colour extracted from ordinary feathers.

Our readers doubtless know that the hippophagic, or horse-eating propensity, has been for some time developing itself in France and Germany. Certain enthusiasts in both countries have taken great delight in cultivating a taste for horse-beef, which article of food, strange to say, has not been received with the ardour its advocates desired to elicit. The distaste appears to be not a matter of prejudice altogether. Horseflesh is testified to possess certain inherent bad qualities; it is black and stringy, and does not easily digest. However, the testimony of unprejudiced people in France is very much in favour of horse-broth, which is proclaimed excellent. M. Bellat has recently communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences upon the subject. He proposes to obviate the complaints which have been made as to the badness of horse-beef, and to dispose of horse-flesh in an alimentary way by making concentrated meat-essence out of it. His paper concludes with an extraordinary and (when the public become general hippophagi) important fact, viz. that neither good soup nor good meat-essence can be manufactured out of white horses.

A paper of considerable value on the formation of German yeast, by the Right. Hon. Lord Blantyre, has been recently communicated to the Scottish Society of Arts by Professor Simpson. That German yeast is largely employed in this country is well known, and some little time since vague rumours were passing about concerning its injurious qualities. Lord Blantyre has proved by his communication that the prejudice was undeserved. German yeast is prepared from the yeast of the distillers of spirits, as follows: being passed through a sieve, it is thoroughly washed with cold water; certain acid matters which obstinately adhere are neutralised by carbonate of ammonia and soda, which in their turn are finally washed away; and the yeast, when pressed, is fit for exportation. In this country the distillers do not turn any yeast into commerce; on the contrary, they are largely indebted to the brewers for this article, so necessary to their own manufacture. It is a question of some importance, then, to ascertain whether washed yeast, similar to the German, can be prepared from the ordinary brewers' material. As to the mere pressure part of the operation, British brewers have long prepared yeast in this way for distillers. Lord Blantyre stated, that in 1854 England received of dry yeast from Holland 55,312 cwts., and from other parts 79 cwts.,—55,391 cwts. altogether,—at an average price of 2*l.* 15*s.* per cwt.; and that its importation has greatly increased since then.

A paper of great interest has also been read before the same learned Society on a plan of working collieries, by which explosions are impossible. The author, Robert Aytoun, Esq., attributes these calamitous accidents to a fundamental impropriety in the working of coal-mines. According to existing practice, the lowest levels of the coal formation are worked first, the mines gradually extending upwards, and allowing foul gas to accumulate in the abandoned workings. The plan suggested by Mr. Aytoun is to sink the shaft, not to the lowest, but to the highest level of the coal; and after cutting through the coal, the sinking must be carried to the lowest level. A cross-cut mine is run from the bottom of the shaft to the lowest level of the coal, by which all its waters can be drained into the shaft, and raised to the surface by a steam-engine. By drifts and secondary workings a current is established round the whole mine, which permits the atmospheric air entering by the down-cast division of the shaft to course along its whole boundaries, and again emerge into the open air by the up-cast division of the shaft, provided with a furnace or fan to assist the ventilation. Ventilation secured, the workmen proceed to take out the

coal, beginning at the lowest part of the field, working gradually upwards, and allowing the waters of the mine to accumulate underneath, by which provision no room is left for the accumulation of inflammable air.

Photographic science is still progressing; and if the hopes and beliefs of certain of its enthusiasts be realised, it is destined to progress much more. A correspondent, assuming the name of "Magnet," writes to our contemporary the *Photographic Journal* to express his belief that photography in colours will some day be a *fait accompli*. "Instances are not unfrequent," he remarks, "of faint impressions of colour being perceptible on a collodion plate after development;" and he mentions a special case as follows: "I exposed," he states, "each half of the plate twenty seconds with a half-inch diaphragm, the sun shining brightly all the time, and was astonished, upon developing, to find the colours produced in a most vivid manner; the ivy by a deep green, some old sticks brown, and the stones drab, the tints varying in a remarkable degree. The fixing did not alter them; but upon drying they gradually lost their brilliancy, with the exception of the green, which still remains as strongly marked as ever. Upon taking a second picture, the same effect was produced, but not in quite such bright colours. The collodion is perhaps two months old, almost colourless, and gives a powdery film." It was prepared by Mr. Robinson, who says it is iodised with the potassium salt, with the addition of a little bromine. The bath is a neutral thirty-grain solution of crystallised nitrate of silver. The picture was developed with pyrogallie acid two grains, acetic acid twenty drops, water one ounce, and clear weak solution of cyanide of potassium.

Photographers loudly complain about the uncertainty of our English climate, which so frequently debars them from practising their art. Owing to this cause, not one photographic picture of the late eclipse has been satisfactorily produced in England. At Marseilles, photographic eclipse-viewers were more fortunate, several good delineations of the phenomenon having been obtained in that locality. Perhaps the greatest photographic wonder ever yet achieved, and, at the same time, a boon to physical astronomy, is the stereoscopic delineation of the moon, accomplished in Mr. De la Rue's observatory. The black mountains, crater-mouthed, of our satellite, her lava streams and desolate plains, are represented in a way which convey a just notion of the rugged grandeur of selenology.

The strange agent ozone is creating mystery still. Mr. J. L. Mansell considers he has good reason for asking whether it has any connection with actinism. During the eclipse-day his camera and glasses gave evidence of something very much out of joint. And Dr. Hoskins told him, as a simple meteorological fact, that during the day of eclipse he had noticed a much larger amount of ozone than he had ever observed during the same period. The mean daily amount of ozone in Guernsey for 1857 was 2° 4', but about the period of the eclipse (i.e. in the forty-eight hours of March 15 and 16) it rose to the enormous proportion of 35°.

Amongst the numerous schemes which have been propounded for facilitating our future rule in India, the idea of her colonisation has found favour with many; others have opposed it as impracticable, without, however, very clearly setting forth reasons. A sort of middle ground seems to be advocated by Major-General Tremenhoe, who would have educational training establishments formed in the Hill stations for the benefit of soldiers' children. The difficulty of rearing children in India is well known, so that all who can afford to do so send them to Europe. In the case of private soldiers, this is of course out of the question, in consequence of which the mortality is frightful, being no less than four out of five. Major-General Tremenhoe complains of the great want of subordinate European agents in India. This is the first difficulty, he says, experienced there in the prosecution of any enterprise; and he points to the advantage, on economic grounds, of elevating the standard of viability amongst those poor doomed children.



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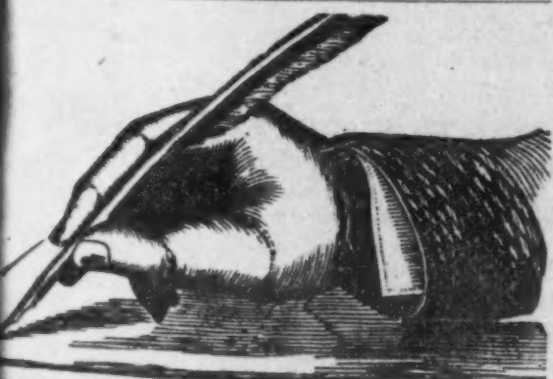
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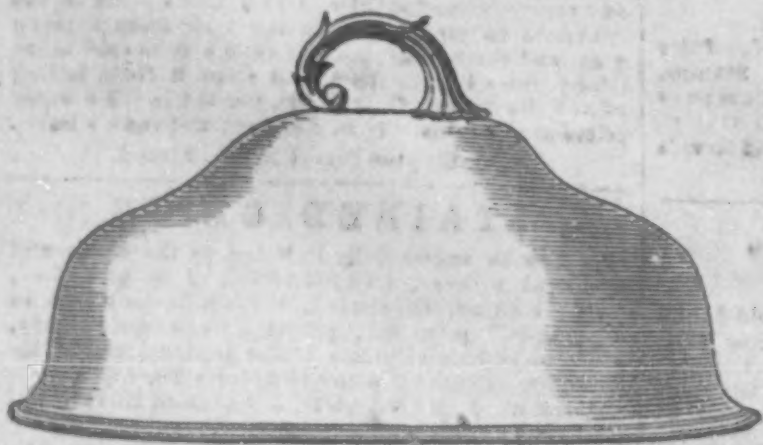
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